THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION BULLETIN

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THE SHAKSPERE-BACON-OXFORD-WHOOZIS MIXUP

By MARK HOLSTEIN

Yes! Shakespeare wrote the plays — 'tis clear to me.
Lord Bacon's claim's condemned before the bar.
He'd not have penned, "what fools these mortals be!"
But — more correct — "what fools these mortals are!"
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IT will soon be time to celebrate the centenary of "The Bacon-Shake-speare Question." "Celebrate" is, perhaps, a word ill chosen. It would seem, from present indications, that Baconians will have precious little to celebrate. The crown, which by the arduous labors of nearly a century, they have striven to remove from the head of the man from Stratford and place upon the head of their venerated idol, has been all but snatched away by a succession of British Peers. One by one the ghostly figures of these exalted noblemen have stretched out their bony hands to seize the crown. Although even Queen Elizabeth herself has been mentioned as a possible claimant, no Duke or Marquis has yet been suggested, but there have been Earls and Barons a-plenty.

Like the disconsolate Lord Tolloller of Gilbertian fame, who implores the Arcadian Shepherdess to remember that "hearts just as pure and fair may beat in Belgrave Square as in the lowly air of Seven Dials," these illustrious noblemen beseech a reluctant world to believe:

"High rank involves no shame —
We boast an equal claim
With him of humble name
To be respected."

But the world, alas! has turned a deaf ear to the claims of these aristocrats and remains serenely unshaken in its allegiance to the humble man from Stratford. But how stands it with Bacon?

The feeling of most people about the Bacon-Shake-speare Question is aptly expressed by Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes who, writing to his young friend and disciple, Mr. Wu, says: "I hope you will not yield to the Bacon-Shake-

speare mystics. * * * I never have given the matter any great study but I have heard enthusiasts talk. It is one of many matters on which one must be governed by prejudices —preliminary judgments based on a knowledge admitted not to be exhaustive but on which at the peril of one's soul one has to act, as life is short. If we had eternity I suppose it might be our duty to have an articulate answer to every imbecility that can be found from the words in the dictionary. Very likely I told you of William James once asking me why I did not join the society for psychical research. I replied why don't you study the Mohometan religion. Millions of men think you will be damned if you don't join it, yet you don't bother. The answer is the same. We have to divine which is likely to be the highroad and which a *cul de sac*. We may be wrong but we have to take the risks. I put Bacon-Shakespeare and spiritualism into the same bag."

About the wisdom of the judicial admonition there can be no question, but we are not all able to remain so serenely detached. Of course it is perfectly true that if it were now definitely established, beyond all question or doubt, that no such person as Master Will Shakspere ever lived, it would make not the slightest difference to any living person anywhere in the world. We would still have the plays and, to baffle and beguile us, the miracle of their creation would still remain.

But there is even a stronger reason for putting the Bacon-Shake-speare Question, along with other Shakspere problems,—"Who was 'Mr. W. H.' or Was Shakspere the Oscar Wilde of his day?", "Who was the Dark Lady of the Sonnets?", "Who was the Rival Poet?",—to mention only a few,—into the same bag with spiritualism. It has been asserted that, next to religious maniacs, the two largest classes constituting the inmates of the insane asylums of Great Britain are those who rave about the Royal Family and those who have tried to solve the Shake-speare Problem. Since, in the United States, we have no Royal Family, the Shake-speare Problem has had a free field and, sad to tell, the first and chief protagonist in this controversy—a gifted woman, by all accounts,—died in an insane asylum.

Nevertheless, without ignoring the suggested hazard, it may be interesting to trace the history of this strange "heresy," as it has been called, which has attracted so many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of intelligent and learned people. It would be almost erring on the side of moderation to say that oceans of ink and forests of trees have been consumed, during now almost a hundred years, in making and printing books and pamphlets dealing with the Bacon-Shake-speare Question.

II.

For nearly a century after his death Master Will Shakspere, player, play-maker, and poet was allowed to rest in peace,—which is not to say that he went unhonored and unsung. Far from it. The appearance in 1623, within seven years after his death, of the First Folio, containing not only Ben Jonson's celebrated lines on Shakspere's portrait, but the noble eulogy, "To the Memory of my beloved, the author, Master William Shakespeare and what he has left us," and the adulatory poems by Digges, Holland, and I. M., is sufficient testimony that he was not forgotten. The Second, Third, and Fourth Folios followed within a period of sixty-two years after the First. During the same period, in 1640, appeared an edition of his poems and, as a reference to Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse* shows, there was a steady stream of laudatory allusions to Shakspere and his plays. Ben Jonson's avowal, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any," is unquestioned; Milton's famous elegy beginning "What needs my *Shakespeare* for his honour'd Bones," is prefixed to the Second Folio (1632), and in *L'Allegro* Milton again refers to "sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child." These are but a few of the allusions during the century following Shakspere's death.

With the opening of the eighteenth century began the revision of the text. Beginning with Rowe, a long line of editors corrected, emended, collated, and quarrelled violently over it. This continued during nearly the whole of the eighteenth century. But no one questioned Shakspere's authorship. Then, in the nineteenth century, came the ro-

mantic critics who proceeded to make of Shakspere not only a paragon of poets but a paragon of men,—a faultless and omniscient being,—laying the foundation for what came to be known as Shakspere idolatry. As might have been expected, a reaction followed, and from being apotheosized as the greatest genius who ever lived he came to be denounced as an imposter.

It is no part of our present purpose to "vindicate" Shakspere, or to enter upon a discussion of the pros and cons of the Baconian hypothesis or the claims of the anti-Stratfordians,—a name adopted by those who, while rejecting Bacon, are unwilling to accept the "Stratford rustic." Enough and more than enough has already been written on all phases of the subject to satisfy anyone who may wish to investigate the question. The most ingenious and resourceful of the anti-Stratfordians or the "agnostic" school, as it has been called, is Sir George Greenwood, M.P., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, a controversialist of no mean ability. His combats with Dean Beeching and with J. M. Robertson, also an M.P., have added not a little "to the public stock of harmless pleasure." Sir George regarded the Baconian hypothesis as "an extremely reasonable one," but has repeatedly asserted that he was *not* a Baconian. "The Baconian theory," he said, "lends itself to ridicule. It has been brought into discredit by the extreme pretensions and absurdities of some fanatical enthusiasts." Sir George therefore aligned himself with the "agnostics," whose claim it is that, whoever it may have been who wrote the plays and poems, it was not William Shakspere, the name "Shakespeare," it is asserted, being merely a pseudonym, like "Molière" or "Voltaire," "George Eliot" or "Mark Twain." Concerning Sir George's frequently reiterated assertions that he was *not* a Baconian, Dean Beeching has cunningly suggested that "the Baconian faith peeps out in not a few places from under his cloak of agnosticism."

While the controversies between Dean Beeching and Sir George have been spirited, they have not failed to observe the amenities, but the temper in which much of the Bacon-Shake-speare imbroglio has been carried on may be gathered from the titles of many of the books and essays on the

subject. Richard Grant White, reviewing Mrs. Pott's edition of the *Promus,* entitled his essay *The Bacon-Shakespeare Craze;* Churton Collins, reviewing Judge Webb's *The Mystery of William Shakespeare,* entitled his essay *The Bacon-Shakespeare Mania;* John Fiske, to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of *The Atlantic* (Delia Bacon's book was published the same year that witnessed the birth of *The Atlantic*), published an essay entitled *Forty Years of Bacon-Shakespeare Folly.* Andrew Lang, instigated, he said, to enter the lists by Sir George Greenwood's *The Shakespearian Problem Restated,* attempted to divert the discussion into channels less acrimonious, declaring that "differences of opinion concerning points of literary history ought not to make 'our angry passions rise,'" "This controversy [he added] has been extremely bitter. * * * Charges of ignorance and monomania have been answered by charges of forgery, lying, 'scandalous literary dishonesty' and even inaccuracy."

III.

It would be interesting to trace the genesis of the idea that Shakspere was not the author of the plays.[1] It was long supposed that Joseph C. Hart, U. S. Consul at Santa Cruz, was the first to raise the doubt in a book, published in 1848, entitled *The Romance of Yachting.* Not only Sir Sidney Lee and Mrs. Stopes but many other equally eminent Shaksperian authorities so state. However, it is now known that "Colonel" Hart, as he was called, was preceded by another and much earlier writer.

The old, old "gag"—*Who wrote Shakespeare?*—which made its first appearance almost two hundred years ago in the farce comedy, *High Life Below Stairs,* need not be seriously considered, even though Baconians have sometimes gravely cited it in support of their claim. In answer to Lady Bab's question, "Did you never read Shakespeare?" Kitty, her waiting maid, answers: "Shakespeare, Shakespeare?—Who wrote it?" Some wag has further embellished the jest by adding: "Shakespeare was written by one *Mr. Finis,* for I saw his name at the end of the book."

The only reason for mentioning this comedy at all is

that it was produced, with great success, by Garrick, in 1759, and although Garrick did sometimes commit mayhem on some of Shakspere's plays, no other man of his time did more to popularize and honor Shakspere. It is therefore a curious circumstance that the book which, so far as now known, was the first to question Shakspere's authorship, and to contain a venomous personal attack besides, should have been the work of a school-fellow and intimate friend of Garrick. This strange book, published in 1769 (it is mentioned in the 14th, but in none of the earlier editions of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*) is thought to have been written by Herbert Lawrence, a surgeon and apothecary. That the book was known to Garrick, there can be no question, since a copy with his book plate is known to exist. It is called *The Life and Adventures of Common Sense: An Historical Allegory.**

It has been suggested, and the suggestion is more than plausible, that Dr. Herbert Lawrence was a humorist and that his allegory was nothing more nor less than facetious chaff. Only a humorless Baconian could take it seriously and make it the basis for an argument in support of the Baconian hypothesis.

The allegorical story, drolly related, is that upon arriving in London, a person in the guise of Genius and Humour, makes the acquaintance of a certain individual belonging to the Playhouse, "a profligate in his youth" and by some said to have been "a deer-stealer." (Bacon is nowhere mentioned.) This individual robs Genius and Humour of everything he could lay his hands on and amongst the baggage "he presently cast his Eye upon a commonplace Book, in which was contained, an infinite variety of Modes and Forms, to express all the different Sentiments and Connections upon every Subject or Occasion that might Occur in Dramatic Writing." He also found a glass possessing "extra-ordinary Properties" by the help of which he could "penetrate into the deep Recesses of the Soul of Man—could discover all the Passions and note their various Operations in the human Heart." The manner in which this treasure had been obtained is discovered by the Mask of Humour, but no notice of the robbery is taken because it is

apprehended that to do so would be to deprive his country of its greatest ornament.

"With these Materials," Dr. Lawrence concludes, "and with good Parts of his own, he commenced Play-Writing. How he succeeded is needless to say, when I tell the Reader that his name was Shakespeare."

The book must have been widely known and enjoyed a considerable popularity for it passed through three editions. French and Swiss editions appear to have been published in 1777.

Among the many Elizabethan commonplace books now in the British Museum there is a manuscript of Bacon's which, since 1883, has been brought prominently into the discussion, as will be presently noted.

There is another curious book of the late eighteenth century, *The Story of the Learned Pig,* which contains a bitter personal attack on Shakspere. Speaking in his own person the Learned Pig declares:

> "I was early in life initiated in the profession of horse-holder, to those who came to visit the play-house, where I was well-known by the name of 'Pimping Billy.' * * * I soon after contracted a friendship with that great man and first of geniuses, the 'Immortal Shakespeare', * * * With equal falsehood has he been fathered with many spurious dramatic pieces, Hamlet, Othello, As You Like It, the Tempest, and Midsummer Night's Dream for five: of all which I confess myself to be the author."

If your curiosity is aroused because a book on yachting contains a discussion of the authorship of Shakspere's plays, the answer is that Colonel Hart's book has very little to do with yachting. Shakspere's authorship is dragged in because Shakspere gave a seacoast to Bohemia. Colonel Hart nowhere suggests Bacon as the author of the plays. In the course of some rambling observations about the famed Gardens of the Hesperides, which the author says "old Purchas, an obsolete historian," made a blunder in locating, it is suggested that Shakspere, a contemporary of Purchas (he died ten years after Shakspere), also made a blunder, if he wrote the plays attributed to him, by wrecking some sailors "upon the seacoast of Bohemia, no part of which ever touched the sea by at least a hundred miles." After

some rambling comments on *The Winter's Tale,* and a summary of the plots of each of Shakspere's plays, the author concludes, with no evidence whatever to support it, that these plays were found in a garret, in a promiscuous heap, and were selected by Betterton, the player, and Rowe, the writer, and, lacking an author's name, Betterton suggested "Shakespeare," which Rowe adopted, and so the plays came to be known as Shakspere's!

IV.

The Bacon-Shake-spear dispute really got under way when, in the same year (1857), William Henry Smith published his little book, *Bacon and Shakespeare,* and Delia Bacon, *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded.* It is true they had both been preceded by an anonymous writer (since known to have been Dr. R. W. Jameson who, in 1852, published in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* an article, entitled *Who Wrote Shakespeare?* wherein it is suggested that Shakspere "kept a poet"; but this article caused no particular sensation.

It may be worth noting that just as Joseph Henry and Samuel Morse, without each other's knowledge, were simultaneously engaged in investigations which ultimately led to the invention of the electric telegraph, and Darwin and Wallace were engaged at the same time in investigations relating to the origin of species, so apparently Delia Bacon and W. H. Smith were engaged in investigating the authorship of Shakspere's plays. It appears that in the same year (1856) in which Delia Bacon first published in *Putnam's Magazine* her article, *William Shakespeare and his Plays: An Inquiry Concerning Them,* Smith printed in London, for private circulation, his pamphlet in the form of a letter to Lord Ellesmere entitled, *Was Lord Bacon the author of Shakespeare's Plays?* This pamphlet he later expanded into his book, *Bacon and Shakespeare.* Hawthorne, it appears, charged Smith with appropriating Miss Bacon's theory, but upon Mr. Smith's denial that he had ever heard of Miss Bacon or had ever seen her article the charge was promptly withdrawn. Smith declared that for upwards of twenty years he had held the opinion that Bacon was the author of the Shakspere plays, and his is really the first

printed book definitely to ascribe Shakspere's works to Bacon.

It will be seen therefore that, frequent assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, the Baconian "heresy" was really not wholly of American origin. It had its beginnings in England and, having been adopted by America, it was, like many other British products, transformed into an American fetish. At any rate it was to London that Delia Bacon, with the zeal of a crusader, went to pursue her researches. How, for three years, she lived in or near London, in shabby and unheated quarters, friendless and alone, with barely enough to sustain life; how she became obsessed with the idea that "the whole secret" concerning the authorship of the plays was contained in certain documents which were buried in Shakspere's grave; how she haunted the places where he had lived; how she spent long hours, in the dead of night, in anxious vigils beside his tomb in the chancel of the Stratford Church; how, finally, when her ceaseless efforts to secure permission to open the grave were about to be realized, her courage failed her, lest her expectations would be disappointed, is an interesting but an unprofitable and twice-told tale.

For her book, running to 582 pages, Nathaniel Hawthorne, then our Consul at Liverpool, was induced to write a preface. Hawthorne was not a Baconian. He merely manifested a friendly interest in a cultured countrywoman who came to him recommended by Emerson. His introduction is neutral. It suggests no more than that Miss Bacon's book shows much learning and that her case is entitled to a hearing. In his *Recollections of a Gifted Woman,* which records his first and only personal interview, he gives a vivid account of her attractive and challenging personality and declares that "being conscious within myself of a sturdy unbelief, I deemed it fair and honest rather to repress than to draw her out upon the subject." "Unquestionably," he adds, "she was a monomaniac; these overmastering ideas about the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, * * * had completely thrown her off her balance."

Delia Bacon's book must be considered as anti-Stratford-

ian rather than definitely Baconian, for her thesis is that the plays were the work of a literary coterie headed by Bacon, Raleigh, and Spenser, who produced the plays in order to set forth a liberal political philosophy which they dared not openly declare.

After the appearance of Delia Bacon's book Baconian literature began to come thick and fast. The most important work immediately following Miss Bacon's, and unequivocally asserting the Baconian hypothesis, was *The Authorship of Shakespeare,* by Judge Nathaniel Holmes (not related to Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes). Judge Nathaniel Holmes has been called "the apostle of Baconianism" and his book is considered "the text book of the Baconians proper." Lee calls it "a monument of misapplied ingenuity."

Following its publication a correspondence ensued between Judge Nathaniel Holmes and James Spedding, the distinguished authority on Bacon. Mr. Spedding had devoted thirty years to the study of Bacon. He had edited Bacon's works and had published Bacon's life and letters in seven volumes. He was likewise an accomplished Shaksperian scholar. If anyone, anywhere, was competent to express an opinion as to the possibility that Bacon could have been a dramatic writer and the author of the plays, that man was Spedding. His letter to Judge Holmes is as complete and incontrovertible a refutation of the Baconian theory as anyone has made. The miracle of Shakspere, he says, is not explained by creating an even greater miracle in uniting in one and the same person the genius of both Bacon and Shakspere. This point is particularly emphasized by J. M. Robertson in his *The Baconian Heresy,* where he points out the impossibility of "such a miracle as the production of the 'Novum Organum' and 'Lear', the 'New Atlantis' and 'Twelfth Night', 'Romeo and Juliet' and the 'Essay on Love' by the same man, even if we consider them as forms of literary output without reference to the intellectual predilections involved"!

But in spite of its manifest absurdity, the Baconian theory attracted many intelligent and cultured people. It was said

at one time to number, in Europe and America, upwards of half a million people, including among its votaries such men as Lord Palmerston, Prince Bismarck, Lord Beaconsfield, John Bright, and our own "Mark Twain." A Baconian Society was founded in London in 1885 to develop and promulgate the theory. It published a magazine called *Baconiana,* and in 1892 a quarterly periodical with the same name was established in Chicago.

The correct use of technical legal terminology in the plays has furnished the Baconians with one of their main arguments in support of the contention that the plays must have been written by a lawyer: therefore Bacon. No doubt on this account the Bacon-Shake-speare problem has long exercised a strange fascination for members of the legal profession. Among the lawyers who have written on Shakspere's legal acquirements or the Bacon-Shak-speare Question may be mentioned W. L. Rushton, Richard Grant White, Senator Cushman K. Davis, E. J. White, William C. Devecmon, and Charles Allen; and among the judges (who, as Choate once observed, are also lawyers) may be mentioned Lord Chief Justice Campbell, Lord Penzance, Judge Willis, Judge Webb, Judge Nathaniel Holmes, and Judge Stotsenburg.

Shakspere's profound legal learning and his classical learning, too, like the rumor of Mark Twain's death, have been grossly exaggerated. There are many Elizabethan plays, written by men who are known not to have been lawyers, which display a far more extensive familiarity with technical legal terms than is to be found in any of Shakspere's plays. It is hard to believe that the man who wrote the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice* was a profound lawyer; and as to his classical learning it was pretty definitely settled by Dr. Farmer, upon whose essay Dr. Johnson made the comment: "You have completely finished a controversy beyond all further doubt."

V.

And then came the cryptographers,—deep, dark, prying, and mysterious. They found all sorts of occult figures and emblems where ordinary mortals merely found sublime poetry. If, by any possibility, the Baconian hypothesis ever

had the remotest chance of securing a respectful hearing, it was finished when these conjurers began to extract from the text cabalistic arrangements of letters and numerals in the form of ciphers, cryptograms, anagrams, and acrostics, and so reduced the Baconian hypothesis *ad absurdum*. In 1883 Mrs. Henry Pott edited Bacon's so-called "commonplace book", a collection of notes and quotations made by Bacon, entitled by him *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies*. Mrs. Pott, by numerous parallelisms, attempts to prove that the compiler of the *Promus* must have been the author of the plays.

One of the most industrious cryptographers was Ignatius Donnelly, an American lawyer, of Hastings, Minnesota, who, in 1887, published an enormous volume (998 pages) which he called *The Great Cryptogram*. Donnelly was followed by a long line of enthusiasts in the same field, among them, Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup, who in the preface to *The Bi-Literal Cypher of Francis Bacon,* published in 1900, states that "there is overwhelming and irresistible proof" that Bacon not only wrote all the plays attributed to Shakspere, but all the plays attributed to Marlowe, Greene, and Peele; the minor poems and the *Faerie Queene* of Spenser, and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* and that the cipher also reveals that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester by a secret marriage.

Then, in 1909, William Stone Booth published a huge quarto, *Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon*. This book appears to have made a profound impression upon our own revered "Mark Twain", with whom, in his later years, the Baconian theory became an obsession. Toward the end of his life this obsession took the form of writing that very feeble discourse, in support of the Baconian theory, *Is Shakespeare Dead?* He profoundly believed that Booth's book "had demonstrated, beyond any doubt or question, that the Bacon signatures were there."

At about the time the Booth book was published, *The New York Sun* was engaged in conducting a bitter campaign against President Theodore Roosevelt and published an amusing editorial on the acrostic theory of Mr. Booth. Taking Ben Jonson's ten lines "To the Reader," which ap-

pear opposite the Droeshout portrait on the title page of the First Folio, *The Sun* stated that by applying Mr. Booth's formula,—reading to the right on the first line; then back to the left on the second line; then forward, again to the right, on the third line; then back again, to the left, on the fourth line, and so on, the following acrostic is revealed:

This **F**igure, that thou here seest put,
It was fo**R** gentle SHAKESPEARE cut;
Wherein the Grauer had **A** strife
with **N**ature, to out-doo the life:
O, **C**ould he but haue dravvne his wit
A**S** well In brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then surpasse
All, that vvas euer vvrit in **B**rasse.
But, since he **C**annot, Reader, looke
Not **O**n his Picture, but his Booke.

But again threading these ten lines from left to right, and right to left, alternately, it is discovered they also reveal the following acrostic:

This Figure, that thou **H**ere seest put,
It was f**O**r gentle SHAKESPEAR**E** cut;
Wherein the Grauer ha**D** a strife
with Nature, to **O**ut-doo the life;
O, could he but haue d**R**avvn**E** his wit
As well in b**R***asse,* as he hath hit
His face the Print w**O**uld then surpa**S**se
All that vvas euer **V**vrit in brass**E**,
But, sinc**E** he cannot, Reader, Looke
Not on his Picture, bu**T** his Booke.

Dr. Orville O. Owen, of Detroit, also discovered a cipher in the lines opposite Shakspere's portrait in the Folio, and declared that he hoped to discover in the River Wye, at Chepstow, indisputable proof that Francis Bacon was the real author of Shakspere's works, as well as that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth and rightful heir to the throne. He secured the cooperation of the Duke of Beaufort to make excavations in the River Wye, but Dr. Owen's hopes were never realized.

Among more recent cryptographers may be mentioned J. Edward Morgan, whose extensive researches have brought him to the conclusion that Sir Francis Bacon was really King Edward VI. Although he may not, he adds, be able to prove it, he believes that Edward VI, Bacon and Shakspere

were one and the same person. He believes that he has irrefutable proof that Bacon throughout his lifetime thought he was Edward VI, who is supposed either to have died of consumption or been poisoned in his sixteenth year. The fact that there would be a discrepancy of twenty-three years in the ages of Bacon as the son of Sir Nicholas and Lady Ann Bacon, and Bacon as the son of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, is explained by Mr. Morgan by stating that proof is not lacking that Bacon was twenty-three years older than he represented. This theory would, of course, make Bacon the half-brother, not the son, of Elizabeth, as some Baconians have claimed.

According to Mr. Morgan facsimiles of early folios show that the initials "F. B." were inscribed on the eyeball of the girl's head forming the principal figure in the title-emblem of *Lucrece* and that her nose was drawn from another "F. B." and that "using a bi-literal alphabet (type of two different faces)" Bacon spelled out a code message in one of his earliest folios, in five letters, in a manner somewhat akin to the Morse code of telegraphy.

" 'B', in the days of the twenty-four letter alphabet," Mr. Morgan declares, "was enunciated 'Bay.' Thus, 'B-Con' in the hidden printing, and 'B' followed by a pine cone to give the pronunciation 'Bay-cone'." By such fantastic and hidden devices did Bacon embalm his authorship of the plays called Shakspere's.

Then, extending their researches backward, the cipherers began to discover no end of mares' nests in books published in the 17th century. Among them is a book by Dr. Alfred Freund, published in 1921, entitled (as translated) "The Picture of the Spearshaker: The Solution of the Shakespeare Riddle." As its frontispiece it has the remarkable illustration of a naked man, his face turned to the reader and shaking a spear in his right hand. Dr. Freund's book deals with a book by Blaise De Vigènere, *Les Images ou Tableaux de Platte Peinture,* published in 1615, the author of which is stated by Baconians to be Francis Bacon, and reveals in words and pictures that the name "Shakespeare" means nothing more than "Speare-Shaker" (Shake-Spear) and is the pseudonym of Francis Bacon. It is also supposed

to solve the birth mystery of Francis Bacon,—that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth by her secret marriage with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and had the right to the title, crest, and device of the Prince of Wales, as he was the first born.

Dr. Freund, in his introduction, writes:

> "Bacon must have concealed the great cryptogram somewhere; probably he did it in his own words and most probably in the First Folio Edition of his Shakspeare Dramas, and chiefly in both parts of Henry IV.
>
> The prophesy of the famous savant is now fulfilled, the great cryptogram has now been discovered.
>
> The Shakespeare Folio Edition of 1623 contains the key, and the two plays mentioned, King Henry IV, parts 1 and 2, contain the riddle.
>
> The great secret is contained in Francis Bacon's magnificent work of revelation, entitled *'Les Images des Deux Philostrates.'* "

Another book in the same class is Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's *Bacon is Shake-speare,* wherein he devotes a chapter to a remarkable book which is supposed to reveal the Bacon-Shakspere story. This book, published at Lunenberg in 1624, was fathered by Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, and treats of cryptography and the stenographic system of Trithemis, pseudonym of Gustavus Selenus.

Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence writes, "The great [First] Folio of Shakespeare was published in 1623, and in the following year, 1624, there was brought out a great Cryptographic book by the Man in the Moon." This book, Sir Edwin declares, was issued, "under Bacon's instructions," as the key to the great Folio.

> "Examine first the left-hand picture, * * * You see a man, evidently Bacon, giving his writing to a Spearman who is dressed in actor's boots. Note that the Spearman has a sprig of bay in the hat which he holds in his hand. This man is a Shake-Spear, nay he really is a correct portrait of the Stratford house-holder, which you will readily perceive if you turn to Dugdale's engraving of the Shakespeare bust. In the middle distance the man still holding a spear, still being a Shake-Spear, walks with a staff, he is therefore Wagstaffe. On his back are books—the books of the plays. In the sky is seen an arrow, no, it is not sufficiently long for an arrow, it is a Shotbolt (Shakespeare, Wagstaffe, Shatbolt, of Camden's 'Remains'). This Shotbolt is near to a bird which seems

about to give to it the scroll it carries in its beak. But is it a real bird? No, it has no real claws, its feet are Jove's lightnings, verily, 'it is the Eagle of great verse.'"

"On the right of the title-page you see that the same Shake-spear we saw in the left-hand picture is now riding on a courser. That he is the same man is shewn by the sprig of bay in his hat, but he is no longer a Shake-Spear, he is a Shake-*spur*. Note how much the artist has emphasized the drawing of the spur. It is made the one prominent thing in the whole picture. * * *"

"Now glance at the top picture on the title-page. Note that the picture is enclosed in the magic circle of the imagination, surrounded by the masks of Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce. The engraving represents a tempest with beacon lights; No; it represents 'The Tempest' of Shakespeare and tells you that the play is filled with Bacon lights. (In the sixteenth century *Beacon* was pronounced Bacon. 'Bacon great Beacon of the State') * * *"

In 1905 an American, Isaac H. Platt, attempted to prove that the Latin "long word" in *Love's Labour's Lost,* "Honorificabilitudinitatibus," is an anagram for "hi ludi tuiti sibi, Bacono nati" (These plays, originating with Fr. Bacon, are protected for themselves). Since a word containing twenty-seven letters lends itself readily to the construction of many anagrams, it is not strange that Sir Edwin should also have discovered an anagram in this word: "Hi ludi F. Baconis nati tuite orbi" (These plays F. Bacon's offspring preserved for the world). To prove his thesis, he juggles curiously with the page of the First Folio containing his alleged anagram.

But if these speculations be considered fantastic, what shall be said of the speculations concerning Ben Jonson's verses "To the Reader," where (taking each *W* for two *V*'s) the cryptographer finds 287 letters and concludes, by adding 287 to 1623 (the date of the First Folio), that Bacon intended to reveal himself as the author in the year 1910?

Of Sir Edwin's anagramatic speculations Sir George Greenwood was moved to remark, "It is, alas, under the shadow of such things as these that I am condemned to publish the present unorthodox work [*Is There a Shakespeare Problem*] in the unhappy knowledge that all 'heretics' will be liable to be 'tarred with the same brush'."

After all this it is a relief to recall that, in a spirit of

mock-seriousness, Sir James Barrie has observed that there is a possibility that the collaborators in the plays attributed to Shakspere were Spenser, Harvey, Alleyn, Kempe, Sly, Peele, Elliman, Atlow, and Raleigh, from the initial letters of whose names the name 'Shakspear' is obtained; and, to clear a much disputed point, he suggests that the reason the playwright's name is spelt in so many ways is that occasionally a new member joined the firm or an old member left it. Thus, when Green took Kempe's place, the name was spelt "Shagspear."

VI.

And now we come to the nobility. The fantastic claims of the acrostical school of Baconians having rendered the Baconian hypothesis not merely untenable but ridiculous, it became necessary to find someone to sponsor the plays. After all, here they were! *Someone* must have written them. If not Bacon, who? And so there appeared a succession of Elizabethan and Jacobean noblemen, who had, it is asserted, written them in secret, under the *nom de plume* "Shakespeare." Thus far there have been only four candidates for the honor—the Earls of Rutland, Derby, Oxford, and Mountjoy, each with a coterie of loyal and ardent supporters. He would be a bold prophet who would "look into the seeds of time" and dare to say there will be no more claimants. The fact that the claims of these respective noblemen are reciprocally destructive is of no moment. They agree at least in one particular, namely: that the man from Stratford could not have written the plays.

In 1912, M. Celestin Demblon, a Belgian, following in the footsteps of Karl Bleibtreu's *Der Wahre Shakespeare,* published *Lord Rutland est Shakespeare,* ascribing the authorship to Roger Manners, 15th Earl of Rutland (1576-1613); and only the other day the professor of European history and modern languages at Oglethorpe University, Dr. P. S. Pọrohovshikov, joined the Rutlanders with a book, entitled *Shakespeare Unmasked.* The Earl of Rutland, it appears, was the son-in-law of Sir Philip Sidney and had a part in the Essex insurrection. He was incarcerated for his share in the rebellion (1601-1603) and during his incarceration wrote the *Hamlet* of 1602. It also appears that

Rutland had pursued some legal studies at Gray's Inn, so that he would have the necessary legal equipment to supersede Bacon.

The claims of William Stanley, 6th Earl of Derby, have been advocated by M. Demblon's fellow-countryman, M. Abel Lefranc, of the Collège de France, an eminent authority on Rabelais, in a book entitled *Sous le Masque de William Shakespeare.*[2] M. Lefranc's theory is based on a study of *As You Like It* and *Love's Labour's Lost,* which, he contends, show that Derby was the true Shakspere because no other Englishman of that age could have given us scenes so thoroughly French as those of *Love's Labour's Lost.*

Derby's claims are also supported by Richard Macdonald Lucas in *Shakespeare's Vital Secret* and by Robert Fraser in *The Silent Shakespeare.* Stanley, it appears, was a great-great-grandson of Henry VII and was an educated and widely travelled man. He was known to be fond of writing plays, but since it was beneath the dignity of a nobleman to have any connection with the theatre, save as a patron, it was essential to conceal his propensity for playwriting. It is suggested that he therefore entered into a financial arrangement with the young rustic from Stratford, newly arrived in London, whereby the young actor undertook to act as his agent, or "Johannes Factotum." According to Mr. Lucas this hypothesis solves several hitherto insoluble Shakspere problems, such as Davies' epigram that by becoming an actor Shakspere spoiled his chances of becoming a companion to a king; the remorse expressed in the CXth sonnet for having made himself "a motley to the view"; and it also explains, among other things, the complete disappearance of the MSS. of Shakspere's plays.

Sir Charles Blount, 8th Lord Mountjoy (1563-1603), has been nominated by Peter Alvor, who presents this nobleman's claims in *Eine neue Shakespeare-Biographie,* and the same author (in a book entitled *Die Shakespeare-Frage und das Ben Jonson-Problem*) declares that Francis Bacon is the author of Ben Jonson's plays.

But just now, far out in front, outdistancing all competitors, whether nobleman or commoner, is Edward de Vere,

17th Earl of Oxford. The "discovery" of the Earl of Oxford must be credited to J. Thomas Looney (not a *nom de plume*), said to be a retired schoolmaster at Gatehead-on-Tyne, England. *"Shakespeare" Identified in Edward de Vere, 17 Earl of Oxford,* is the book in which the "evidence" is contained. But Oxford has found a number of other ardent champions, among them, Percy Allen, who, in three substantial volumes has expended an immense amount of study and toil in support of Oxford's claims. Of course, Oxford, like other claimants, worked in secret. His claims, in some measure, at least, rest on ciphers. His family name was "'Vere", and so whenever he uses words like *ever, never, dissever, persevere, forever,* it appears that, by a slight manipulation of type, neVER, anyone will see that Oxford is intended. Since the letters VER are not uncommon in many English words, it is possible to cite numerous instances in support of the Oxonian theory.

Even science, in the shape of infra-red photography and the x-ray, has been enlisted in support of the Oxford case. Three old paintings, the famous "Ashbourne" portrait and the "Janssen" Shakspere, both now in the Folger Shakspere Memorial Library at Washington, and the half-length panel, now in the British Royal Collection at Hampton Court, have been "analyzed" by Charles W. Barrell, photographic expert and ardent Oxonian, who asserts that these portraits, heretofore supposed to be portraits of Shakspere, reveal that they were at some time or other "doctored" to conceal the fact that they were originally portraits of Edward de Vere. This, if it proves anything, would seem to prove that certain portraits which are asserted to be portraits of Edward de Vere have, at some time, been altered and palmed off as portraits of Shakspere. It would scarcely prove that de Vere wrote the plays.

Unfortunately the Earl of Oxford died in 1604, after which date several of Shakspere's greatest plays are known to have been written. This circumstance, it might be supposed, would involve some difficulties, but it leaves the Oxonians undaunted. The Shakspere plays, written after 1604, they explain, were the operation of a syndicate which undertook to supply plays in imitation of those which had been previousy published under Shakspere's name.

In a collection of charming and delightful papers on Elizabethan topics by that erudite Shaksperian, Dr. Felix E. Schelling, published under the title *Shakespeare and Demi-Science,* he tells us that when, in reading *Cymbeline,* the late Dr. Furness, toward the end of the play, came to the banalities of the dreams and visions of *Posthumous,* he would rise with the observation: "At this point Shakespeare lost all interest in his subject and naturally so do we." A loss of interest may long since have overtaken the Gentle Reader, and so it may be well to conclude this brief survey of the first hundred years of the Baconian heresy by recalling the two final stanzas of Dr. Schelling's amusing poem, *Who Wrote Shakespeare?*

"You may believe that Oxford, Lyly,
Rutland, or some other Willy
Writ these plays;
But you mustn't think that Bacon
Was a poet or could take on
Such bad ways.

"Francis really had no eye for
Drama; what he loved was cypher,
Law — and pelf.
Yet these plays got written. Come now,
Could it be Will cribbed them, somehow,
From himself?"

New York, N. Y.

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[1]See, 'The first Baconian' by Allardyce Nicoll, *The Times Literary Supplement* (London), Feb. 25, 1932, p. 128; also 'Who was the English originator of the so-called Baconian-theory?' by Karl Elze, Athenæum (1885), p. 801.

[2]For a spirited refutation of Lefranc's thesis see 'More doubts about Shakespeare', by Sidney Lee, *Quarterly Review,* July, 1919.

*The author is indebted to Mr. E. U. Maggs, of Maggs Bros., Ltd., for the information that on the back of the title-page of the copy of *The Life and Adventures of Common Sense,* in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, there is the following interesting note:

> "This work was written by Herbert Lawrence, Esq., of York Buildings, and afterwards of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, surgeon and apothecary. He was a school-fellow, I believe, but certainly an intimate friend, of Garrick, and very much acquainted with and patronized by Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty. When I knew him he was very little engaged in business but lived in the first society. He visited my uncle daily, talking of current topics—literature, the theatre, and politics. . . . He died about 1796. He published, besides this feeble work, a novel called *The Contemplative Man, or Christopher Crab,* and some fables in verse, *The Passions Personified.* J. A. Nov. 17th, 1823."

OPHELIA LIES

By SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM

OF late there has been manifest a tendency to vilify Hamlet. His detractors ignore Shakspere's own description of him as

> The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
> Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
> Th' observ'd of all observers.

Of course, it is easy enough to dismiss this as the opinion of an unschooled and inexperienced young girl who had sucked the honey of his music vows until her suspicious and wordly-wise father and brother had put a stop to a dangerous flirtation. Does not Hamlet give free rein to his bawdy tongue in his encounters with his mother and with the girl he says he loved with a love greater than that of forty thousand brothers? Does he not desecrate the funeral service by leaping into the poor girl's grave and attempting there to strangle her brother? Has he not brutally and unfeelingly killed the watchful and loyal Polonius? Did he not, without the slightest qualms of conscience, send two innocent and lovely boys to a cruel death? Did he not, with one sweeping assertion, condemn all womankind as frail? Did he not, with malignant impiety, refrain from executing vengeance on his uncle, kneeling in prayer, because he wished to send his uncle-father's soul to hell? And did he not go about brooding, surly and sullen, only because he resented not having been chosen king of Denmark?

In conformity with this tendency, it becomes necessary to vindicate the characters of the King, the Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and Ophelia. The King, one critic tells us, did not commit the crime with which the Ghost charged him. The Queen, another says, was not guilty of adultery. The two young courtiers were loyally and disinterestedly performing a duty in the interests of the State when they were conveying Hamlet to England to collect the neglected tribute. Ophelia, Mr. John Corbin tells the ignorant Shaksperian editors and scholars (in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* August 16, 1941, pp. 11-

13), did not lie to her eccentric lover when he asked her "Where's your father?" and she answered (unblushingly?) "At home, my lord." Polonius, Mr. Corbin says, *was* in his own home.

The puzzled reader, recalling that in all modern editions of the play the "nunnery scene," as this scene is generally called, is located in "A room in the castle," or in "The Palace," asks himself "Has Mr. Corbin, who once wrote a little book on the humorous aspects of Hamlet's insanity, forgotten the play or has he gone hay-wire?" Let us at once set our readers' minds at rest by assuring them that neither of these alternatives has occurred. Mr. Corbin builds his case on two bases: (1) Polonius and his family live in the palace, not in a home some distance away from the royal residence; (2) a tactful little white lie ("at worst the whitest of lies") is not such a lie as should blemish a tactful young lady's character.

Those who are acquainted with the original texts know, as well as Mr. Corbin, that in the quartos and folios there are no indications of locality at the headings to the scenes in the plays. But they also know something that Mr. Corbin seems to have ignored: that the editors bring their common sense as well as their scholarship into play when wrestling with Shaksperian problems. Their common sense, as well as that of their readers for more than two hundred years, could not (and cannot) conceive that the Polonius family would be sharing an apartment or living in the same house with the King. If Mr. Corbin's view is correct, they would have to be sharing it. How otherwise would Hamlet and Ophelia be in the same room while he is meditating on suicide and she is kneeling in prayer? But can we think of Ophelia having the run of the house and the privilege of making herself at home in any room she chose to enter, or of Hamlet having the privilege of going into Ophelia's "closet" at his pleasure? Realizing the absurdity of this, Mr. Corbin thinks of the scene as taking place somewhere (a room, in all probability) "near by" Ophelia's boudoir. He does this because he cannot otherwise account for Ophelia's having Hamlet's gifts so conveniently near as to be able to offer to return them to her rejected lover. Here Mr. Corbin abandons the quartos and

folios, for he gives Ophelia an exit into her room (with a subsequent re-entry) after her father had told her to "Walk here" and had placed a prayer-book in her hand with the instruction to "Read on this book, That show of such an exercise may colour Your loneliness." The first folio gives all an exit just before Hamlet enters and begins his soliloquy, but it is obvious that the *"Exeunt"* means only that they take their assigned stations, the King and Polonius behind the arras and Ophelia in a corner in front of a priedieu. The quartos do not have this *"Exeunt,"* clear proof that the King, Polonius and Ophelia did not leave the stage.

To one who has a feeling for language it is clear that when Ophelia says that her father is "at home" *she* is not there. If both she and her father were at home, her answer would have to be either that he is in his study, in the garden, or somewhere about the house. That the place where they now are is not Polonius's home is also proved by the fact that Hamlet exclaims "Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's *own* house." If Polonius thinks he is deceiving Hamlet, he is playing the fool in Hamlet's house. That the interview between Hamlet and Ophelia is not in Polonius's home follows also from the consideration that Hamlet cannot be supposed to be going there when he wants to think.

Where does this scene take place? We recall that the King had told the Queen that he had "closely" (secretly) sent for Hamlet "hither," that he, "as't were by accident, may here affront Ophelia"; in other words, some one had dropped a hint to Hamlet that if he went to a certain place at a certain time he would see or hear something of interest. Obviously, the place must be a location in which it would not seem unnatural for Ophelia to be discovered kneeling in prayer. (The poor girl has cause enough to pray: her lover insane and she forbidden to give him audience.) Later in the day we behold the King kneeling in prayer when Hamlet is on his way to keep the rendezvous with his mother. In all probability, then, both these scenes take place in the royal chapel. Shakspere was undoubtedly acquainted with such chapels in the palaces of the nobility. To such a place Hamlet might come to meditate, and in such a place he would not be too astonished to find Ophelia

at her devotions. In fact, he would probably welcome with joy the opportunity to have a heart-to-heart talk with her in a place where there would be little likelihood of interruption. That is why he addresses her as "Fair nymph" and prays her to remember him in her orisons.

But alas! Ophelia ruins everything by offering to return to him some "lady trifles" which she had reserved to herself when, in pursuance of her father's instructions, she had returned her lover's gifts. It would seem that Ophelia had not returned all of Hamlet's gifts after her father's admonitions to do so. Did Shakspere intend to paint Ophelia as one of those mercenary creatures who retain some of their rejected lovers' gifts, or did Shakspere bungle the business (as he so frequently does in minor matters)? Be the explanation what it may, Shakspere implies that Ophelia took these trinkets with her now, without her father's knowledge, as a means of opening the embarrassing interview. Her having these "rich gifts" in her possession at this time and in this place quite naturally arouses Hamlet's suspicions; "this is not an accidental meeting" must be the thought which runs through his mind; "if this is a prearranged affair, Polonius is probably not far away." Being now on his guard, Hamlet engages the girl in an upsetting conversation and then suddenly throws at her the question, "Where's your father?" Caught off her guard, Ophelia unconsciously turns her head in the direction of the arras behind which the King and her father are concealed. That is enough for Hamlet. Her "At home, my lord!" does not deceive him; it infuriates him. What follows we know. This, I submit, is a much more plausible explanation of the scene than the assumption that Polonius or the King foolishly sticks his head out from behind the arras and Hamlet catches sight of him (directly or in a mirror), or that Polonius drops his staff, or coughs, or sneezes, or sticks his foot out from under the curtain.

But let us return to Ophelia. Mr. Corbin admits that Hamlet knows that Polonius is behind the arras and that Ophelia knows that he is there. She is therefore trying (clumsily, it is true) to shield her father when she says that he is at home; her words are intended to give Hamlet the impression that Polonius is not near, is not overhearing the

conversation between them. In doing this she is lying, of course. Mr. Corbin concedes that, strictly speaking, she is not telling the whole truth, but he insists that, owing to the circumstances and to the fact that she and her father live in the palace, she is guilty only of a white lie, "the whitest of lies," and that the editors of the play are the sinners, not she. Of course, no one thinks that Ophelia should have answered Hamlet's question by betraying her father's and the King's presence behind the arras. Shakspere, in modern slang, has put her "on the spot." She has no alternative but to lie.

Mr. Corbin seeks to relieve Ophelia of the odium of being considered a liar by pointing out that she is telling the literal truth: her father is "at home" if he lives in the palace. This he calls a "white lie." But what is a "white lie"? Mr. Corbin seems to think that it is a pardonable deviation from the exact truth which is not uttered from a malicious or evil motive or one which is prompted by necessity. In real life, with its rationalized ethics, this may be so; but in art, in great art, in Shaksperian tragedy, with its idealised ethics, there are no white lies. Ophelia's lie, the reverse of the conventional "not at home," must be judged by its effects. Serious consequences result from that half truth (if it be a half truth). It disgusts and infuriates Hamlet to the point where, throwing discretion to the winds, he throws out a threat to kill the King ("Those that are married already—all but one—shall live"). That utterance determines Claudius to have Hamlet's life. Her prevarication is, therefore, responsible not only for the death of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern but also of her father. Those few words, "At home, my lord," precipitate the action of the drama; they hasten the progress of the tragedy. Otherwise, we may rest assured, Shakspere would not have introduced so seemingly trivial an incident. Like his other women who lack the "scientific habit in verbal accuracy" she pays for her sin with her life. And that tells us what Shakspere the artist thought of her,—if he ever passed judgment on the children of his fantasy.

ET IN ILLYRIA FESTE

Better a witty foole, then a foolish wit.
—Quinapalus.

By J. W. Draper

FESTE is a fool; but, if he ever committed any folly, he has apparently long since married and learned better. Indeed, when he settled down and took up the steady profession of fooling, he seems, if commentators can be trusted, to have turned philosopher under cover of his motley; and, for all his work-a-day gaiety, he is a shrewd appraiser of persons and something of a manager of affairs. He cultivates a lightsome mood—truly a festive fellow—and his fanciful wit gives the play an illusion of romantic unreality that seems to have blinded critics not only to its essential realism[1] but also to his own essential truth-to-life: he is the blithe stage-manager-in-chief to the *comédie humaine* of Shakspere's Illyria; and critics have been too busy enjoying the performance he puts on to look much behind the scenes or to inquire deeply into the life and character of the manager. Ulrici finds Feste a sort of Shaksperian Democritus, adroit in merriment;[2] Gervinus notes how nicely he adapts both speech and action to his auditors; Ruggles describes him as a "wise, cool-headed jester", a "respecter of times and persons"; and Weiss declares him the only character of true poise and "sobriety" in the play. More recently, Davey calls him "a singing, merry-making, convivial fool, yet withal somewhat of a scholar and philosopher."[3] Warde is less sympathetic, and suggests that he is "covetous"[4] and "petty",[5] and that his nature makes him "tolerated rather than appreciated,"[6] despite the fact that the Duke Orsino demands his presence, that Olivia is angry at his going away, and that Maria begs him to join in the guying of Malvolio. Bradley, *per contra,* explains that Feste, for all his wisdom, occupies, as court fool, a "degrading" social status,[7] indeed "little better than a slave",[8] and so should be excused for his valiant efforts to extract money from his betters. The new Cambridge edition repeats that he is "one of the most philosophical of Shakespeare's clowns;"[9] and Mueschke and Fleisher compare him, somewhat distantly, to Carlo Buffone in *Every Man Out of His Humor.*[10]

Feste is Shakspere's own creation, without prototype in the comedy's known sources; and, as Shakspere's own creation, he is surely worth such study as the literary and social background of Elizabethan fools and foolery can supply. His ironic wit and word-play make the dialogue at times hard to interpret; but, unless what he says is true, his Attic salt has no savor, and so an underlying fact can be inferred even from a double meaning. Thus a serious study of the text in the light of contemporary fools and fooling brings out the finer implications that would have been obvious to an Elizabethan audience; and from such a study emerges something of Feste's biography and way of life, a good deal of his technique as an entertainer, and a juster *aperçu* of his motives, his part in the plot, and his relation to the other characters.

The background of Feste is complex: the fool was both an actual figure in the life of the age and also a literary tradition in drama; and, both as literature and in life, it had undergone a complex evolution both in England and on the Continent. The stage-fool came down to Elizabethan drama from the rôle of Vice on the Mediæval stage; and, though Feste jocularly compares himself to "the old vice . . . with dagger of lath,"[11] yet he has little in common with this degraded representation of Satan except the fact that both take a more active part in the plot than most clowns of Renaissance drama.[12] In the sixteenth century, the influence of the *zanni* of Italian *commedia dell'arte* and the more realistic influence of the stupid English rustic somewhat affected the stage fool.[13] He became a sort of burlesque chorus; he is portrayed as loving fine clothes and good living; he is a practical joker, a coward and a braggart; he may be a comic lover; he is likely to be proficient at acrobatics, singing and dancing. Feste shows about half of these characteristics. He combines, moreover, the two jocular styles of the Elizabethan stage fool, rude vernacular and grandiloquent bombast; and his humorous technique borrows freely from the twenty odd devices attributed to the type, especially their use of nonsense, paradox, perversions of words, mock-Latin, comic proverbs and chop-logic.[14] Of course, most of these effects are among the universal vehicles of humor current in life as well as on the stage;

and so Feste's use of them does not prove that he is purely an examplar of this literary tradition. Indeed, several major elements of his rôle mark him off from it rather clearly. An old play lists "three kinds of fools . . . An innocent, a knave-fool, a fool politic":[15] most stage-fools were "innocents", *i.e.,* half-wits or country clowns like Launcelot Gobbo; but Feste as a court fool is certainly no "innocent"; and there are "barely a dozen" court fools in all Elizabethan drama outside Shakspere,[16] and practically all of them are later than Feste. Shakspere's fools, furthermore, are much more highly developed than those of his brother playwrights;[17] and Feste's part in the plot is greater than that of the conventional stage fool.[18]

Feste, therefore, as one might expect in Shakspere, stems less from the theatre than from life. Far from being a country boor, he is sophisticated, worldly-wise and even learned in a fashion; far from being an "innocent," or "natural," he appears to the consensus of opinion[19] as sage and even philosophic. One should therefore seek his prototype among the fools, not of the stage, but of the courts, an ancient and time-honored, if not honorable, profession. Since the Norman Conquest, if not earlier, the English kings and nobles had employed for amusement in their households not only harmless lunatics, whose custody they got by a writ *de idiota inquirendo,*[21] but also clever entertainers who used the cap and bells as a livelihood, and often, under the protection of its immunities, rose to considerable power.[22] In the Renaissance this type grew common: such was the famous Will Somers, fool to Henry VIII,[23] and Tarleton, fool to Elizabeth. Feste had been the court jester of Olivia's noble father, who "took much delight" in him; and now, by inheritance, he has become the Countess's "corrupter of words." Not only does his witty wisdom prove his superabundant sanity, but Olivia herself assumes that he can use his "right wits" whenever he will. Such was the sort of fool usually played by Robert Armin, who was by profession both court fool and stage fool, and for whom this part was written when he joined Shakspere's company in the spring of 1600. Indeed, as court fool, he even published, and re-published, a book on his professional colleagues and their witticisms, anecdotes

and escapades. He was doubtless the greatest living authority on court-foolery in the age; and, in creating for him the part of Feste, the dramatist surely intended to capitalize his fame as a court fool,[25] and bring to the common public some of the quips and cranks and practical jokes with which he regaled the great. The present study makes no claim that Feste presents the biography of Armin;[26] but it does suggest that the rôle of Feste, perhaps the first court fool except Touchstone to appear in Elizabethan drama, develops, not from a mere convention of the stage, but from life as Armin knew it and as Shakspere himself saw it in Elizabethan fooldom.

What references we have to Feste's early life come from the Epilogue—if it can be taken at face value. Most critics follow either Steevens in thinking it a mere "nonsense ditty,"[27] or else Goodall in calling it a "philosophical" exposition of life in general; but the fact that the story it tells is phrased in the first person singular suggests that, as Farmer believed, it is a sketch of Feste's own biography. If this is true—and it is hard to contradict such *primâ facie* evidence— then a brief review of its meaning is in order: when I was a child, my follies were trifles in the common course of nature; but, when I grew to be a man, I found that men shut their gates against knaves and thieves; and, when I married, I found that playing the bravo and the swaggerer brought in no money, and that drunkards merely got addled brains. Apparently, this realization led Feste to seek respectable steady employment as a court jester. Many of the famous jesters, both on the Continent and in England, seem to have sprung from humble origins. Gonella, the reputed fool of Niccolò d'Este, was the son of a Florentine shopkeeper;[28] the famous Brusquet seems to have started life as a quack doctor in Avignon and turned to buffoonery as more lucrative; Chicot, the fool of Henry IV, was, to be sure, a well-born Gascon, but fell through poverty to fooling; his colleague at court, Maître Guillaume, began as an apothecary at Louvain. In England, Scogan and Heywood had somehow gone to Oxford; but Somers had been servant to a Northamptonshire gentleman; Tarleton seems to have commenced swineherd as a boy; and Armin was the son of a Norfolk taylor. (Our

authorities for the above statements are the books of Miss Welsford, Mr. John Doran and Dr. Baldwin.) Feste's picture, therefore, of his knavish youth quite corresponds with the realistic facts.

From these small beginnings, Feste has risen to wealth and perhaps to power, if not quite to gentility. He is "an honest man and a housekeeper"—the house being apparently next to a church. He has enjoyed high favor under the local Count, Olivia's father, and has apparently taken unto himself considerable independence of movement so that he comes and goes almost at will. The early fools were supposed to sleep in their masters' palaces, or, as Doran shows, risk a whipping; but, for all Maria's warnings, Feste is absent for days without serious consequences. Scofula, buffoon of Borso d'Este, had a house of his own; Elizabethan jesters were not required to live at court or to wear motley; and Armin, from October 11, 1600, to his death in 1615, was a resident of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, in the City.[29] The Epilogue refers to Feste's marriage; and Sir Andrew, to his "Lemon." If he was married, he had good precedent both in literature and life: in two versions of the Durham morris dance, the fool has a wife; and both Scogan and Tarleton were married. Thus Feste's private life suggests that he was far from being the "slave" that Professor Bradley, without documentation, describes him and his class as being.

The exact social status that he has achieved is difficult to define; it seems, like that of Iago, to have been on the borderland of gentility; and certainly he makes common cause with Sir Toby and the gently born Maria and Fabyan against the parvenu Malvolio. Moreover, he presumes, and is permitted, to call everyone *thou*—even the Duke and Countess—except the touchy Malvolio and the drunken Sir Toby. Perhaps this is jester's license; but the others often call him by the *you* of polite equality, except Malvolio and the fool Sir Andrew. The Duke refers to him as "fellow" and "my good fellow"; and the Countess Olivia, except for one occasion (V, i, 39) when she is startled and displeased, consistently calls him *you*. All this suggests that Feste, like Tarleton and Armin, though of humble origin, had achieved

a certain recognition for professional cleverness. In the Middle Ages, the fools had been hardly better than outcasts,[30] and the *zanni* of Italian comedy were little more; but the Renaissance, both in Italy and in England, had seen a notable improvement in the position of court jester. The fool was likely to rule in the servants' hall; Jack Oates, the fool of Sir William Hollis, aspired to consort as much as possible with the gentry; and Archibald Armstrong, the fool of James I, who loved humor and horseplay, was once granted the freedom of the City of Aberdeen, meddled in politics, got valuable patents, and accompanied Prince Charles to negotiate the Spanish match.[31] Feste then might properly associate with a knight, a well-born servingman and a lady-in-waiting.

Feste, moreover, is not only an artist in wit and entertainment but also in extracting its condign monetary bounty. Olivia supplies him with daily bread and "Ginger . . . hotte i'the mouth." To supplement this and pay the cost of his private residence, he levies for current jokes many an odd "testrill" (six pence) upon Sir Andrew and Sir Toby, and tribute from Sebastian, and repeated "expences" from Cesario, and double largesse of "gold" from the Duke. Thus Feste's profession of foolery was rather remunerative; and his management of it shows him a prudent and perspicacious fool. The giving of such favors was a common convention of the age; and no less authority than King James I. advised his son occasionally to cast "coin" among his pages.[32] Even the Mediæval fool, who occupied a much lower plane than the fool of the Renaissance, had his gratuities: Bellzebub, in the St. George plays, gets money;[33] in *The Sage Fool's Testament,* the jester leaves his master "All my money";[34] and Hitard, the fool of Edmund Ironside, left his property to Canterbury Cathedral.[34] In France, the same is true, especially as one comes down into the Renaissance: the second fool in *Sir Manières de Fols* is portrayed as rich; Brusquet found greater emoluments in foolery than in medicine or law;[35] in 1622, the female fool Mathurine received a pension from the king of twelve hundred livres; and l'Angely, the jester of Louis XIV, made a fortune by his fooling. A successful court jester might live in luxury until his vein ran out, and then he might die

in want, like Bernard Bluet of the ducal court of Savoy; and this uncertainty doubtless induced many fools to make hay while they could. In Tudor England, Heywood declares in his *Dialogue concerning Witty and Witless* that a fool was better off and more secure than a husbandman; and some of the court fools drew regular salaries, such as the Marquis of Ferrara gave Gonella. The Wardrobe accounts show payments to fools; and Tarleton, who was prudent to the point of avarice, appointed guardians in his will to take care of the valuable "cattels" he left his son.[36] King James's Archie became rich, and in 1611 was granted a pension of two shillings a day for life.[37] Tarleton, moreover, was so anxious to do well by himself that, as titular parson of Sherd, he is said to have melted the parish bell to sell the metal.[38] Certainly Feste's wealth, and his efforts to get it, were in accord with the lives and characters of contemporary fools, who feared that their gala day would soon be set.

In stature, Feste seems to have been short and somewhat stout (IV, ii, 89), a token perhaps of age; but he still has a good leg, and can cut a caper and dance a jig. Whether he wore the conventional cap and bells and motley of his profession is not clear from Shakspere's text: they are not mentioned, and it is not safe to infer them from the mere fact that he was a jester. In the days of Henry VIII, Will Somers did not always wear motley; and, in the reign of Elizabeth, fools often cast it aside.[39] Feste's declaration to Sir Andrew, "I did impeticos thy gratillity" seems to mean, as Johnson says, "I did impeticoat thy gratuity"; and that would imply that Feste wore the "long dress" of the Mediæval Vice; and possibly he also carried the Vice's dagger of lath. But perhaps Feste was merely habited in the long blue coat of the old-fashioned Tudor servant.

Feste, if not educated, at least has a bowing acquaintance with learning. He can chop logic, like the chowns in the Old French *sotties* and in Heywood's interludes; he knows something of Latin, Spanish and Italian; he refers to Mercury and the Myrmidons, and knows that Pythagoras believed in the transmigration of souls; and he has enough grasp of metaphysics to play on the axiom, "Whatever is,

is." Surely he has seen something of the quadrivium and the trivium; or else, like Shakspere himself, he had a mother wit that needed but little formal schooling to pick up what learning he required. Quite so the actual jesters of the age, though generally low-born, seem to have taken to themselves the limbs and outward flourishes of learning: Scogan[40] and Heywood[41] seem to have gone to Oxford; and Somers quoted Latin to his master. One may be sure that Queen Elizabeth and James I were no less learned in their tastes than Henry VIII.

Many fools did not hesitate to advise their noble masters even in politics, or at least took an active part in court-intrigue. The *sotties* of the reign of Louis XII had put serious satire into the mouths of fools; and Chicot gave Henry IV shrewd advice.[42] The German fools of the sixteenth century dared even to touch on religious controversy.[43] Sir Thomas More's fool, Henry Paterson, tried to persuade his master to acknowledge royal supremacy.[44] Tarleton, who had the ear of his royal mistress, not only as jester but also as groom of the bedchamber, made the most of his influence at court (Doran, 175). Archibald Armstrong meddled in Jacobean politics, both foreign and domestic.[45] But Feste, for all the avarice that critics have found in him, apparently did not use his arts for politics or sell his influence for the use of others. He does not even plead the Duke's suit to Olivia, and even insists on being well paid merely to announce Orsino's visit. Perhaps Shakspere meant definitely to imply that Feste was above such machinations; and Armin might have resented a suggestion of political intrigue as a slur on Tarleton and himself; but, more likely, this aspect of the jester's life was omitted by mere default, for Shakspere shows little interest in politics until after the accession of James I.[46]

The foregoing survey of Feste's antecedents, way of life, social status, wealth, personal appearance and probable education, shows him, like Tarleton and Armin, the usual type of Renaissance court fool, except that he did not apparently dabble in politics. It seems a fair inference, therefore, that the wit of his conversation and his actions in the play were likewise similar to the wit and the doings of Tarleton and of Armin himself. In either case, an analysis of his technique of entertainment would seem to be in order.

[1]See the present author, "Olivia's Household," *PMLA,* XLIX, 797, *et seq.*
[2]*Twelfth Night,* ed. Furness var., p. 403.
[3]S. Davey, *Trans. Roy. Soc. Lit.,* XXIII N. S., 140.
[4]F. Warde, *The Fools of Shakespeare,* New York, 1913, p. 78.
[5]*Ibid.,* p. 96.
[6]*Ibid.,* p. 80.
[7]A. C. Bradley, "Feste the Jester," *Miscellany,* 1929, p. 207 *et seq.*
[8]*Ibid.,* p. 210.
[9]*Twelfth Night,* ed. Quiller-Couch and Dover Wilson, 1930, p. xix.
[10]P. Mueschke and J. Fleisher, "Jonsonian Elements in 'Twelfth Night'," *PMLA,* XLVIII, 725-726.
[11]*Twelfth Night,* IV, ii, 124-126, Cf. G. L. Kittredge, et. *As You Like It,* xiv.
[12]Olive Mary Busby, *The Development of the Fool in Elizabethan Drama,* 1923, 29-30.
[13]*Ibid.,* Chap. I.
[14]*Ibid.,* Chap. IV.
[15]*Wit Without Money,* II, ii.
[16]Busby, p. 13.
[17]*Ibid.,* p. 33 *et seq.*
[18]*Ibid.,* p. 31.
[19]Cf. T. W. Baldwin. *The Organization and Personnel of Shakespeare's Company,* 1927, p. 313. Professor Baldwin seems to be almost alone in taking Feste for a "natural."
[20]Busby, p. 8 *et seq.*
[21]Enid Welsford, *The Fool, his Social and Literary History,* [1935], p. 159.
[22]*Ibid.,* p. 138.
[23]*Ibid.,* p. 159.
[24]Baldwin, *op. cit.,* Plate III; and "Shakespeare's Jester," *MLN,* XXXIX, 451-452.
[25]Welsford, pp. 162, 244 and 284. Indeed, playing the fool had been a commonplace of entertainers. B. Swain, *Fools and Folly,* 1932, 60.
[26]Little is known of Armin's life except that he was Tarleton's pupil and adopted son. His stage-name was Pinks.
[27]*Twelfth Night,* ed. Furness var., pp. 313-314; and Warde, p. 98 *et seq.*
[28]Welsford, p. 128.
[29]See Emma M. Denkinger, "Actors' Names in the Register of St. Botolph Aldgate," *PMLA,* XLI, 95.
[29]Swain, 54, *passim.* See also N. Breton, *The Good and the Bad,* ed. Brydges, London, 1815, 23-4.
[30]Welsford, op. cit., 171 *et seq.*
[31]James I, *Workes,* 1616, pp. 167 and 187.
[32]Swain, *op. cit.,* 67-68.
[33]*A Booke of Precedence,* ed. Furnivall, p. 78.
[34]Swain, p. 55.
[35]Welsford, p. 149.
[36]Doran, pp. 175 and 181.
[37]Welsford, 171 *et seq.*
[38]Doran, *op. cit.,* p. 177; *cf.* Busby, p. 47-48; and *cf.* the avaricious cook in Dekker's *If It be not a Good Play.*
[39]Doran, 177. Cf. p. 291.
[40]Doran, p. 148.
[41]*Ibid.,* p. 142.
[42]Welsford, p. 151-152.
[43]Ibid., p. 139.
[44]*Ibid.,* p. 161.
[45]Welsford, *op. cit.,* p. 171.
[46]See the present author, "Political Themes in Shakespeare's Later Plays," *J. E. G. Ph.,* XXXV, 61 *et seq.*

SCOTTISH SHAKSPERE

By R. Morrell Schmitz

IN her recent survey of *Shakespeare in America,* Esther Cloudman Dunn, writing of Hugh Blair's *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* (1783), remarks (p. 224) that

> "the entrance of Shakespeare into the conservative American stronghold of traditional [classical] education, under the respectable ægis of Hugh Blair, is one of the pleasant little jokes of our history."

The joke is a little thin, and is based upon the notion that the person least likely to show us Shakspere as "great" and "instructive" and "touching the heart," would be a Scotch Presbyterian preacher.

The Rev. Hugh Blair (1718-1800) was a Scotch Presbyterian preacher; he held the most fashionable pulpit in Edinburgh, and he was a man of power in the councils of the church. But he was as far removed as possible in temperament, learning, and doctrine from the soul-searching, salvation-preaching, and theater-damning evangelicals of his day. His ideas of the good life were based upon rational morality rather than Calvinist doctrine. And his notions of the full life are best comprehended in the motto of his friend, the Rev. William Robertson—*Vita sine literis mors.*

A life of letters was meat, drink, and reputation to Blair, as also to his clerical friends, who were known as the "Moderates," as opposed to the "Evangelical Party" in the Scottish kirk. The historians Adam Ferguson, William Robertson, and Robert Watson, the philosopher Thomas Reid, the poets Beattie and Blacklock, and the dramatist John Home, to mention only a few—all clergymen of the Scotch Presbyterian church—gave a distinct cultural and literary character to the Scottish divines in the Eighteenth century. These men, friends and acquaintances of Blair, are to be remembered as quite distinct from the evangelical Bostons, Erskines, Gillespies, or the ranting preachers of Burns's *Holy Fair.*

It is only upon this minor point that I have the least quarrel with Professor Dunn's survey. Her chief observation (p. 225), so far as Blair is concerned, is that his *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* brought the study of Shakspere, "unchallenged, into the educational scheme of America." That point is well and properly made. But Professor Dunn's work, being the most recent book which mentions Blair and Shakspere in the same breath, offers itself as the latest example of a strange and persistent omission—the failure to mention that Blair, besides being a critic of Shakspere, is also an editor of Shakspere.

Augustus Ralli, in *A History of Shakespeare Criticism* (1931), Robert W. Babcock, in *The Genesis of Shakespeare Idolatry* (1932), and now Professor Dunn, have given able surveys of their respective problems, historical and critical. They have all mentioned Blair and Shakspere together, but strangely enough they seem obvlivious of the fact that in 1753 Hugh Blair published an eight-volume edition of the plays, and was the first Scottish editor of Shakspere. Ralli and Professor Dunn completely ignore the fact, and Babcock has so well submerged it that only a very careful searcher—working independently of the index —will find it out. The libraries all seem to know about this edition, Jaggard's *Shakespeare Bibliography* recognizes it, and I have found mention of it even in reasonably strange places, such as Professor Tinker's edition of Boswell's *Letters,* and Margery Bailey's edition of *The Hypochondriack.* How it has escaped, or why it has been so completely ignored where one would most expect to find mention of it, is very strange.

It is therefore my purpose to present a discussion of Blair's *Shakespeare,* which was often reprinted and which enjoyed a wide circulation during the eighteenth century. Unfortunately, the discussion must proceed almost entirely from the edition itself, for, to put it plainly, the entire information concerning Blair's part in producing the edition hangs upon two printed lines from the year 1795. Until then his work was known merely as the "Scots Editor's" *Shakespeare.*

Only after the work had gone into its fifth edition was the

"Scots Editor" publicly identified as Blair. The identification was acknowledged by printing on the verso of the title-page of the 1795 Edinburgh edition the legend:

> "This edition of Shakespeare is correctly printed from the famous edition 1753, by Dr. Hugh Blair."

Without this legend, Blair's work as an editor of Shakspere might never have come to light. None of Blair's biographers mentions the work.[1] None of his contemporaries, so far as we know, alludes to it. And none of Blair's own letters—not even when he is writing to Mrs. Montagu about Shakspere—gives the slightest hint that he had ever undertaken such a work. The fact hangs merely upon the two printed lines, though the identification of the "Scots Editor" is entirely proper, and is now commonly accepted.[2]

It is perhaps not far to seek why Blair remained anonymous. He was still in his early thirties. He was inexperienced. And he was at the command, as it were, of Alexander Kincaid and other Edinburgh booksellers who wanted a good cheap edition to compete with the London publishers. Under the circumstances, Blair either resolved upon anonymity, or was persuaded to it by the publishers, who would—for their purposes—prefer patriotically to announce a "Scots Editor." A brief look at the trade conditions will show us precisely what was called for.

In London the two Jacob Tonson's—uncle and nephew—exercised a virtual monopoly over the publication of Shakspere from Rowe's edition (1709) onwards. They published at "Shakespeare's Head," and they considered the poet their private property. So long as the Tonson's had the market under thumb, nothing much was done about issuing cheap editions. In the year 1734, however, the first low-priced editions came into being, and with them the first real competition. The publishers at "Shakespeare's Head" made phenomenal headway by issuing separate editions of each play so cheap that they could be hawked about the countryside by peddlars. Almost immediately a rival publisher, R. Walker, also using the name "Shakespeare's Head," issued similar printings, and set out to capture what he could of the lucrative Tonson business.[3]

There were charges of piracy, and there were lawsuits, but

the chief battleground was the peddlar's pack and the provincial bookstall. The market outside of London was worked for all it was worth, and the competition finally pushed as far north as Scotland. This put the Scottish publishers on their mettle as tradesmen, and their answers were Scottish editions, two of which sprang up almost simultaneously at Glasgow and Edinburgh in 1752 and 1753.

Blair's edition itself gives ample evidence that it was promoted for the trade. The motives for the undertaking, writes the "Scots Editor," were:

> "the distinguished character of Shakespeare as a dramatic writer, the great demand for his works among the learned and polite, and a laudable zeal for promoting home manufactures." (Preface, 1795, I, i.)

The work was apparently to be brought to the attention of the public by its promise to unfold the "Beauties" of the bard, as indicated in the full title:

> *The Works of Shakespear. In which the Beauties observed by Pope, Warburton, and Dodd, are pointed out. Together with the Author's Life; A Glossary; Copious Indexes; and, A List of the Various Readings.*

The "Beauties" of Pope and Warburton are indicated in Blair's text by single and double inverted commas, and the "Beauties" observed by "Macaroni" Dodd are placed together in a prefatory section of Volume I. The "Beauties" were, furthermore, carefully indexed in two sizeable lists at the end of Volume VIII, where appear an "Index to the Characters, Sentiments, Speeches, Descriptions, and Similes," and an "Index to the Beauties of Shakespear, digesting them under proper heads."[4] Such concerns were obviously intended for the talking points in selling the work.

In other ways also the work was a good edition for the trade. The format was well designed, the page compact without being crowded, and the type good. The edition carried Alexander Pope's critical preface, Rowe's Life of Shakespeare and William Warburton's critical estimate of the plays. It was issued as an inexpensive edition at £1 4s. the set, or 3s. the volume.[5]

Blair was by no means entirely the creature of the booksellers, whose advice would extend no further than the ob-

vious and the superficial. Blair was an editor in his own right, and, in point of time, the sixth modern editor of Shakspere. He was preceded by Rowe (1709), Pope (1725), Theobald (1734), Hanmer (1744), and Warburton (1747), upon all of whom he drew variously in the preparation of his text. With their attitudes towards Shakspere and themselves, however, he had no patience.

In the "Scots Editors Preface" Blair is of opinion, with William Dodd, that all these editors, instead of having put themselves "in a posture of defense one against another," should have "jointly taken the field, and united all their efforts, to rescue so inimitable an author from the Gothic outrage of dull players, duller printers, and still duller editors."[6] It was Blair's hope to follow this hint, and since all the previous editors save Warburton were dead, to prepare from their editions a sort of coalition text. "We have," wrote Blair,

> "consulted them all; and, of the various readings and conjectures, those only have been adopted, and inserted in the text, that seemed to agree best with the meaning of the author. No scope has been given to conjecture or imagination; not a single line, not even a single word, is inserted, but what is warranted by the authority of the preceding editors." (Preface, 1795, I, vi.)

This is a very fair statement of what Blair did, and reflects the attitude of mind which should have produced a variorum text.

If Blair denied himself conjecture and imagination, he spared no pains in industry. His list of preferences among the various readings concerned itself with approximately 1,000 disputed passages, and gives some 3,000 to 4,000 variant readings. Aside from consulting the modern editors, Blair also consulted what he calls the "Common Editions," though he had as little respect as Warburton for their findings. The "Common Editions" were the seventeenth century folios, and Blair's abbreviation for them was "V," a hint he had taken directly from Warburton's edition where the folios are called the "Vulgar" editions.

In fact, it was upon Warburton's *Shakespeare* that Blair depended most heavily. Two out of every three readings which Blair adopted in preparing his text were the readings

of Warburton, with Theobald and Hanmer running a poor second and third. A sample of Blair's adoptions among the disputed readings of the first five plays in the Scottish edition, shows Blair approving

125 readings by Warburton,
49 by Theobald,
11 by Hanmer,
3 from the "Common Editions," and
1 from Dodd.

Rejecting

1 reading by Warburton,
5 by Theobald,
6 by Dodd,
6 by Hanmer, and
120 from the "Common Editions."

A similar dependence is shown in a more elaborate collation of Blair's readings for *Romeo and Juliet,* made independently of Blair's acknowledged choice, and assuming what is not true, that he had examined all the known editions of *Romeo and Juliet.* Of the twenty-seven passages which Blair considers in the play, his eventual choice shows

1 reading from the first Quarto,
3 from the second Quarto,
3 from the third (undated) Quarto,
3 from the first Folio,
3 from the second Folio,
3 from the third Folio,
3 from the fourth Folio,
3 from Rowe,
2 from Pope,
7 from Theobald,
12 from Hanmer,
25 from Warburton, and
3 from Dodd's *Beauties of Shakespear.*[7]

The dependence upon Warburton is obvious in the text. Warburton also supplied Blair with most of the explanatory footnotes, which are generally condensations, and often word for word quotation from the edition of 1747.

In the light of Shaksperian criticism, Blair's dependence upon Warburton was not too happy, but one can hardly wonder that the young Edinburgh clergyman should bow before the opinions of the man whose critical reputation was perhaps the highest in Britain, and who would soon

become the Bishop of Gloucester. Whenever Warburton's edition provided Blair with a "reasonable" reading he adopted it. He also adopted generally Warburton's notions about what part of the text were interpolations or, as he called them, "players' trash." One amusing example of how Blair treated such a disputed passage, shows his utter dependence upon authority, as well as the difficulties he ran into from time to time trying to make his authorities coalesce.

Pope and Warburton, it will be recalled, degraded to the bottom of the page such passages as they held suspect, or thought to be interpolations. Blair, following their examples, degraded as unworthy of Shakspere seven passages from *Romeo and Juliet*. One of these passages was Capulet's angry speech to the saucy Tybalt, dismissing him with "You are a princox; go!" That passage must have given Blair particular pause. Pope had ruled it out of the text as an interpolation. Warburton had, however, thought it very fine, and had blessed it with the double commas, insignia of the "beauty." Blair, faced with this dilemma, degraded the passage in obedience to Pope, but printed the degraded passage in all the glory of its double commas.

Blair's text was indeed a coalition text, and, though a good text, had as its chief virtue the promotion of "home manufactures." Blair had achieved an excellent product, which sold well for almost half a century in Edinburgh, Glasgow and London, being reprinted in 1761, 1769, 1771, and 1795. The printing of 1771 was dedicated to David Garrick, and was the finest of all the printings. Blair had met Garrick and had had much conversation with him in London during the year 1768, and it is probable that either he or Boswell wrote the dedication which was issued as if written by the publisher Alexander Donaldson.[3] Some years later Blair presented a copy to Robert Burns who visited Edinburgh in 1787.[9] All in all, Blair's edition was what the publishers of the 1795 printing called it, "the famous edition of 1753, by Dr. Hugh Blair."

Whether or not Blair's *Shakespeare of* 1753 was the first Scottish edition, I leave to the hair-splitters. Jaggard gives

preference to an edition of the separate plays which appeared serially in Glasgow from 1752 to 1757 and were reprints from Pope's second edition. In point of time the Edinburgh edition is second, but there is no doubt that Blair is the first "Scots Editor" of Shakspere.

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[1]There is one exception. Blair's work is mentioned in a badly informed and happily obscure article, "A Litterateur of the Eighteenth Century," appearing in a collection entitled *Cross Lights* (London, 1888), pp. 100 ff. This anonymous article informs us, wrongly, that Blair had the supervision of "an edition, in ten volumes, of the "Plays and Poems of Shakespeare,' issued by Martin and Wotherspoon." The entire article is a mass of misinformation about Blair, and would never have come to light except for the excellent analytical cataloguing of the Harvard librarians.

[2]See *British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books;* Jaggard, *Shakespeare Bibliography;* Boswell's *Letters,* ed. C. B. Tinker (Oxford, 1924), I, 185; Boswell's *Hypochondriack,* ed. Margery Bailey (Stanford, Calif., 1928) II, 220.

[3]See Sidney Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare* (New York, 1924), p. 574

[4]Edition Edinburgh, 1753, VIII, 310-333, 334-344.

[5]The announcement in the *Scots Magazine,* XV, 368 July, 1753) reads: *"The Works of Shakespear.* 8 vols. 12mo. 1 £ 4 s. Sands, Hamilton & Balfour, Kincaid & Donaldson, Hunter, Yair, Gordon, and Brown."

[6]Quoting Dodd in "Scots Editor's Preface" (Edinburgh, 1795), I, v-vi.

[7]Blair probably had no access to any of the Quartos, and the collation fails to disclose which, or how many of the Folios he used.

[8]A. F. Pottle, *The Literary Career* of James Boswell (Oxford, 1929), pp. 86-88, believes that Boswell, then theorizing about dedicating plays to players, had written the dedication for Donaldson. Blair is quite as probable an author, although the style is somewhat below his standard.

[9]For the Garrick and Burns copies, see under *Works of Shakespeare,* 1771, in Jaggard's *Shakespeare Bibliography.*

SHAKSPERE'S CHAMELEONS AND SALAMANDERS

By James A. S. McPeek

AMONG hundreds of amorous ditties circulated in Elizabethan England, some of them veritable museums of odd figures of speech, none is more curious than George Turbervile's "To his Mistress, declaring his life only to depend on her lookes," included in his *Epitaphes and Sonnettes*.[1] This lyric, in which the author compares himself variously to a salamander, a fish, and a chameleon, was doubtless accepted as excellent love poetry in its day. It is of interest to us at present because Shakspere, for one reason or another, thought it good enough to memorize.

His interest in the poem was possibly twofold; as a youth, he may have found its sentiment appealing, as did the gallants who persuaded Turbervile to write poems of this nature for them to use in their love affairs,[2] and he may have been pleased with its salamanders and chameleons, those creatures that have a strange immortality in the imagination. One cannot remember not knowing of these animals. Their legends trace to remote antiquity, and an oral tradition must always have been current about them, now and then finding expression in literature. Many today were tutored by Samuel Merrick's version of the chameleon myth, and it is pleasant to think that Turbervile's poem performed a like service for Elizabethan youth.[3] However that may be, Shakspere was interested in all aspects of the lyric save one, that of the comparison of the lover to a fish.

In *Henry IV*, Part I, Falstaff delivers the following peroration on Bardolph's nose (III, iii, 41-43):

> "I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!"

Turbervile declares that he, like the salamander, cannot live unless his mistress maintains his fire (ll. 21-22):

> "I silly salamander, die
> if you maintain not friendships fire."

One may think the resemblance here in diction a mere co-

incidence,[4] but an examination of other related passages convinces one that Shakspere knew Turbervile's poem well enough to recall it with precision at discrete periods of his life.

He plays with the same theme in *Henry V,* once more in connection with Bardolph, with an added element from the lyric. Falstaff's erstwhile page has reminded Bardolph of his master's jesting about his nose, and Bardolph rejoins (II, iii, 41-42):

> "Well, all the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service."

Fuel is also mentioned in Turbervile,[5] though the resemblance is inconsequential. More to the point is the idea of riches gained in service (ll. 39-44):

> "Love is the only livery that
> I at your courteous hand do crave.
> I do desire no greedy gaine,
> I covet not the massye golde:
> Embrace your servant, (mistres) then
> his wages will be quickly told."

Here the relationship is admittedly one of thought rather than of diction; but, as will become evident, the thought is a reflection of an earlier use of the diction of Tubervile.

If Shakspere knew this poem well enough to recall its salamanders presumably he would remember its chameleons; and one is at once reminded of his use of the figure in *Hamlet* (III, ii, 93-96):

> *King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet?
> *Hamlet.* Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish.
> I eat the air, promise crammed; you cannot feed capons so.

In this connection, however, through the very commonness of the figure, the evidence is at first less obvious. In 1600 Samuel Rowlands had introduced this image in the seventeenth epigram of his *Letting Humours Blood:*

> "Can men feede like camelions on the ayer."[6]

There is clearly little to choose between this parallel and that of Turbervile. But Shakspere had used this figure earlier than Rowlands, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,*

in lines that offer sufficient background for the *Hamlet* passage and that also connect the figure with the sentiment of Turbervile. Speed has no sympathy with his master's dining on love (II, i, 178-180):

> "Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals and would fain have meat. O be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved."[7]

Shakspere's audience must have caught this jocose allusion to a familiar poem (ll. 9-10, 25-30):

> "Chameleon feedes but on the ayre,
> the lack whereof is his decay.
> . . . .
> You are the pleasant breathing ayre,
> and I your poore Chameleon,
> Barre me your breath and out of hand
> my life and sweet delight is gone.
> Which sith tis so (good mistresse) then
> doe save my life to serve your turne."

One other aspect of the chameleon, its ability to change color, engages Shakspere's attention in this play.[8] To this phenomenon Turbervile alludes casually, and Shakspere probably associated his account with oral tradition. In developing this motive, he gives us a remarkable adaptation of the thought of the lyric. The scene is one of badinage between Silvia, Valentine, and Thurio. It opens conventionally with diction that becomes significant only in the light of what follows (II, iv, 1-2, 8-13, 23-29, 33-40):

> *Sil.* Servant!
> *Val.* Mistress?
> *Sil.* Servant, you are sad.
> . . . . .
> *Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.
> *Thu.* Seem you that you are not?
> *Val.* Haply I do.
> *Thu.* So do counterfeits.
> *Val.* So do you.
> . . . . .
> *Sil.* What, angry, Sir Thurio! Do you change colour?
> *Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
> *Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.
> *Val.* You have said, sir.
> . . . . .
> *Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that, servant?
Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.
Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

This verbal bandying is interrupted by the approach of Silvia's father, or even the lake-loving fish that fills up the trinity of Turbervile's impersonations might have passed the flood-hatches[9] of Shakspere's wit; for nearly everything else is here.

For convenience of comparison, I repeat the pertinent lines of Turbervile:

"The salamander can not live
without the help of flaming fire:
. . . . .
Chameleon feedes but on the ayre,
the lack whereof is his decay:
. . . . .
I silly salamander die,
if you maintain not friendships fire:
Quench you the coale and you shall see
me pine for lack of my desire.
You are the pleasant breathing ayre,
and I your poore Chameleon,
Barre me your breath and out of hand
my life and sweet delight is gone.
Which sith 'tis so (good mistresse) then
doe save my life to serve your turne:
. . . . .
Rewe on my case and pitie him
that sweares himself your servant true.
I beare the badge within my breast
wherein are blazde your colours brave:
Love is the only livery that
I at your courteous hand do crave
I do desire no greedy gaine,
I covet not the massye golde:
Embrace your servant (mistress) then
his wages will be quickly tolde."

Because of Shakspere's transformation of Turbervile's

thought, the connection between some passages in the scene and the poem may be somewhat murky in places, but it is clear enough in general to need no further elaboration. Even the title of Turbervile's lyric is implicit in Valentine's remark that Thurio borrows his wit from Silvia's looks.

With this scene the circle is complete. In *Henry IV,* Part I, we have the idea of the salamander maintained with fire; in *Henry V,* the same theme with the association of wages and service; in *Hamlet,* the air-feeding chameleon, apparently related to the chameleon metaphors in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona;* and finally, in this latter play, the chameleon theme linked with color, love, fire, wages, the livery of service, and the conventional, but topically significant terms, *mistress* and *servant.* The welding of the several themes of the lyric in this play, and their subsequent dispersed treatment elsewhere with close approximation of the original diction indicate that Shakspere must have memorized Turbervile's poem.

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[1]This short collection of miscellaneous verse, which bore the characteristic title, "*Epitaphes and Sonnettes annexed to the tragical histories, By the Author. With some other broken pamphletts and Epistles, sent to certain his frends in England, at his being in Moscovia. Anno 1569*", was first published c. 1574, along with the *Tragical Tales, translated by Turbervile, In time of his troubles, out of sundrie Italians* ("New Facts about George Turbervile", by Hyder E. Rollins, *Modern Philology,* XV (1917-18, pp. 136-139). The only early copies of this work are those of the 1587 edition which was reprinted at Edinburgh, 1837, by James Maidment, whose text is followed here (see p. 298).

[2]Rollins, p.142.

[3]The most notable of documents using the chameleon figure, Buchanan's well-known prose satire, *Chamaeleon,* directed against the Laird of Lidingtone, written in 1570, seems not to have been printed before 1710 (*Vernacular Writings of George Buchanan,* ed. P. Hume Brown, Scottish Text Society No. 26 [Edinburgh, 1892], p. 40). Its nature was remarked by Camden in his *Annales Rerum Anglicarum et Hibernicarum regnante Elizabetha,* Part II, 1573 (published 1615).

[4]The basic idea was, of course, commonly known. A passage in Greene's *Tritameron of Love,* iii, 142, "Plinie . . . saith, the Salamander delighteth in the fire" (*First Part of King Henry the Fourth,* ed. R. P. Cowl and A. E. Morgan, Arden ed. [London, 1914], p. 133) points to the general source for such lore.

[5]*Cf.* lines 23-24: "Quench you the coals and you shall see
me pine for lack of my desire."

[6]This parallel is cited by Edward Dowden (*Hamlet,* Arden ed. [London, 1919], p. 133); see *Letting Humours Blood,* Epigram 17, London, 1600 (*Complete Works of Samuel Rowlands,* ed. S. J. H. Herrtage, Hunterian Club, no. xx, 1874, p. 23).

[7]A parallel from Lyly's *Endimion,* III, iv, 129,

> Love is a cameleon which draweth nothing
> into the mouth but aye",

has been noted by R. Warwick Bond (*Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Arden ed. [London, 1906], p. 28).

[8]This idea also occurs in *Henry VI,* Part III, III, ii, 191-192:

> "I can add colours to the chameleon,
> Change shapes with Proteus for advantages."

Mr. H. C. Hart (*The Third Part of King Henry the Eighth,* Arden ed., [London, 1910]) calls this reference to Proteus a *hapax legomena,* ignoring the fact that Shakspere also designated his chameleon-like character in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* by that name.

[9]The figure is Turbervile's, slightly altered (ll. 5-8, 17-20):

> "The little fish doth love the lake
> dame Nature hath assigned him:
> To live no longer than he doth
> amid the silver channel swimme.
> . . . . .
> I am the fish, you are the floode,
> my heart it is that hangs on the hooke:
> I cannot live if you doe stoppe,
> the floudhatch of your friendly brooke."

It is odd that Shakspere excludes these lines, for he is not altogether adverse to the central image of the lover as a fish caught on a hook (*Antony and Cleopatra,* II, v, 10-15).

At least one writer of the time (probably Francis Davison) seems to have liked this part of the poem as well as the rest. A few lines from his lyric with the Turbervilian title, "That all other Creatures have their abiding in heaven, hell, earth, ayre, water, or fire; but he is in all of them" [*A Poetical Rhapsody* (1602-1621), ed. H. E. Rollins (Cambridge, 1931(, I, 88, No. 39, Ode VIII (ll. 5-8, 16-20].

> "With finnes the people gliding,
> Of Water have th' enjoying.
> In Fire (all else destroying.)
> The Salamander findes a strange abiding:
> . . . . .
> Th' ill foode of airie sighes my life sustaineth
> To Streames of teares still flowing
> My weeping Eies are turned,
> My constant Heart is burned
> In quenchlesse fire within my bosom glowing."

The chameleon is not named here, although the author has him in mind. Elsewhere he names him in verses equally indebted to Turbervile (Rollins, p. 66, No. 22, ll. 1-8):

> "Since your sweete cherry lippes I kist,
> No want of foode I once have mist.
> My stomach now no meate requires,
> My throate no drinke at all desires.
> For by your breath which then I gained,
> Camelion like my life's maintained.
> Then grant me (Deere) those cherries still,
> O let me feede on them my fill."

HOTSPUR AND FALSTAFF

By SAMUEL A. SMALL

AS in other great Shaksperian characters, one sees an antithetical strain in Hotspur. Contrasted with his strength of mind, his noble temper, and his excessive ambition, are his expressions of contempt for everything sentimental and delicate. He represents a chivalrous type of manhood, but is bourgeois in his relationship with others in *Henry IV, Part I.* As blunt in his language as he is in his adventurous military actions, he is in society coarse-minded, like Falstaff and Prince Hal, but without the social wit of this pair. When we see Hotspur conducting business with Worcester, Glendower, and others, we find him using language similar to that of Falstaff, but lacking the tavern atmosphere. Hotspur's language is not only out of accord with the high temper of his mind, and with business circumstances, but is also often unbecoming to his domestic life in the presence of his wife. He has a wasp-tongue, and is jerky in his actions as well as in his speech. A passage in *Henry IV, Part II,* describes his defect of speech:

> And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish. (II, iii, 24).

Since Hotspur is recorded in history as a chivalrous figure (see Froissart), his language in Shakspere indicates that the playwright was deliberately giving to this doughty fighter the usual humanizing touch. Like Falstaff, he represents a decayed form of chivalry.

The opinions of others in the play concerning Hotspur's language bring out strongly the Falstaffian-like tendencies in his speech. These opinions show him to be as immoderate in his language as he is in his courage.

> *Worcester:* He apprehends a world of figures. (I, iii, 209).
> *Northumberland:* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
> Art thou to break into this woman's mood.
> (I, iii, 236-237).
> *Lady Percy:* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me. (II, iii, 90).
> *Mortimer:* Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.
> (III, i, 63).

Worcester: In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame. (III, i, 176).
(This whole passage of 13 lines warns him of his manners and language.)
Lady Percy: For you are altogether governed by humours.
(III, i, 239).

The expressions themselves from the lips of Hotspur are those of a braggadoccio nature; they savor of the tavern. The following utterances are numerous enough to reveal Hotspur as a man whose high, aristocratic birth contrasts much with his commonplace language:

1. To be so pestered with a popinjay. (I, iii, 50)
2. God save the mark. (I, iii, 56)
3. This villainous salt-petre. (I, iii, 60)
4. This bald unjointed chat of his. (I, iii, 65)
5. And if the devil come and roar for them. (I, iii, 125)
6. 'Zounds'. (I, iii, 131)
7. the hangman. (I, iii, 166)
8. If he fall in, good night! Or sink or swim! (I, iii, 194)
9. To pluck bright Honour from the pale-faced moon.
(I, iii, 202)
10. And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks. (I, iii, 205)
11. By God, he shall not have a Scot of them. (I, iii, 214)
12. Save how to gall and pinch this Bulingbroke. (I, iii, 229)
13. And this same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales.
(I, iii, 230)
14. I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale. (I, iii, 233)
15. *Wor.* When you are better tempered to attend. (I, iii, 235)
16. A plague upon it. (I, iii, 243)
17. 'Sblood! (I, iii, 247)
18. Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! (I, iii, 251-2)
19. O, the Devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
(I, iii, 255)
20. I smell it. (I, iii, 277)
21. Why that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. (II, iii, 9-12)
22. Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. (II, iii, 12)
23. What a lack-brain is this! (II, iii, 12)
24. By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid.
(II, iii, 13)
25. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! (II, iii, 16)
26. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. (II, iii, 18)
27. What a pagan rascal is this! An infidel! Ha! (II, iii, 23)
28. A dish of skim milk. (II, iii, 26)
29. Hang him! Let him tell the king. (II, iii, 37)
30. Away, you trifler! (II, iii, 93)

31. God's me, my horse! (II, iii, 97)
32. A plague upon it! (III, i, 5)
33. And you in hell. (III, i, 11)
34. If your mother's cat had but kittened. (III, i, 19)
35. Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed. (III, i, 29)
36. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the Devil
    By telling truth: tell truth and shame the Devil. (III, i, 58-9)
37. O, while you live, tell truth and shame the Devil! (III, i, 62)
38. Home without boots, and in foul weather, too!
    How'scapes he agues, in the Devil's name? (III, i, 68-9)
39. I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
    Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
    (III, i, 129-30)
40. And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
    Nothing so much as mincing poetry. (III, i, 133-34)
41. 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag. (III, i, 135)
42. I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. (III, i, 139)
43. And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff (III, i, 153)
44. In reckoning up the several devils' names. (III, i, 156)
45. I cried "hum" and "well, go to,"
    But marked him not a word. O, he is as tedious
    As a tired horse, a railing wife. (III, i, 158-60).
46. Worse than a smoky house. (III, i, 160)
47. With cheese and garlic in a windmill. (III, i, 161).
48. Than feed on cates. (III, i, 162).
49. In any summer-house in Christendom. (III, i, 163)
50. Now I perceive the Devil understands Welsh. (III, i, 233)
51. By'r lady. (III, i, 235)
52. Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. (III, i, 253)
53. And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
    As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
    Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
    A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in sooth"
    And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
    To velvet-guards and Sunday citizens. (III, i, 255-260).
54. By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy the tongues of scothers;
    (IV, i, 6).
55. Zounds! How has he the leisure to be sick
    In such a justling time? (IV, i, 17-18)

Some of these expressions are, of course, thoroughly conventional in the mouth of the chronicle type of headstrong hero; but in none of the regular chronicle heroes does the Falstaffian language predominate as it does in Hotspur's mouth. This sort of language comes abruptly to an end after the last Falstaffian outburst recorded at the end of the list, No. 55.

From this point on, Hotspur, after the fateful receipt of

the news from his father, acts and speaks in a dignified and calm manner like the other leaders.

It will be noted that besides the fifty-five tavern expressions uttered by Hotspur, there are several important statements made by others in the play which indicate that Hotspur's mind is high-strung like that of Falstaff. Note especially Worcester's frank statement of the danger such language will bring upon Hotspur:

> In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
> And since your coming hither have done enough
> To put him quite beside his patience.
> You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
> Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
> And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
> Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
> Defect of manners, want of government,
> Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
> The least of which haunting a nobleman
> Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
> Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
> Beguiling them of commendation. (*I Henry IV,* III, i, 177 ff.)

So here we see one of Shakspere's great characters endowed with gifts of nature that make him a great warrior, but he uses a language derived from tavern life. This coarse language is the same realistic touch given in the dialogue between Falstaff and Prince Hal. Both Falstaff and Hotspur are endowed with strong imaginations that are fertile in figures of all kinds. One can easily appreciate the conflict occurring in Malvolio as he persists in using correct language in a realistic setting. With Falstaff, no such inconsistency occurs; his language exactly suits his environment. In Hotspur, Shakspere again, as in Malvolio, creates a conflict between his language and his environment—only this time the language is realistic and the environment elevated.

In all his chronicle plays, Shakspere uses language effectively to bring down the dignity of great men to the level of the common man. One of the favorite means of doing this is through quarreling scenes in which royal leaders show in their language a childish petulance, such as that in *Julius Caesar* between Brutus and Cassius, or that between

the Duke of Norfolk and Bolingbroke at the beginning of *Richard II*. The stage effect is enhanced by thus allowing the characters a temporary release from their formal selves. Hotspur's language is illiterate; not only does he drop his dignity to act like a schoolboy, but he uses expressions and figures that one finds only in tavern life.[1]

So pronounced is the contrast between Hotspur's station of life and his language that we may reasonably say that his part is humorous up to the point where he receives the message from his father (Act IV, Sc. 1) of the latter's inability to bring up his forces in the ensuing battle. As the story approaches the meeting of Hotspur and Prince Hal, both of these characters speak and act like formal heroes.

The difference between the humor of Falstaff and that of Hotspur is of first importance to us, and after what has been pointed out with regard to Hotspur, we are ready to make comparisons that will indicate the depth and meaning of Falstaff's character. Falstaff is the greatest of Shakspere's humorous characters because of the variety and subtleness of his mind, ranging from mere clownage to a delicate sense of manhood that was or is in him. The humor on the surface we can readily understand; while the deeper factors we can only feel. In Hotspur, on the other hand, there is no depth of character. The disappointments leading up to the battle of Shrewsbury were sufficient to throw any great hero into a melancholy. But Hotspur has no meditations, like Brutus before Philippi, that reveal a soul. Shakspere continues to portray Hotspur with nothing more than the mentality of a schoolboy. Only his language changes to show that he realizes the seriousness of the situation. In Falstaff, the language remains the same up to the very end of the play. The jesting in Falstaff often has deep implications, but in Hotspur the feeling is merely on the surface. In the following similar expressions, the one spoken by Falstaff rings from the depth of the whole man:

Hotspur: Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. (II, iii, 17-18).

Falstaff: A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I

> lead this life long, I'll sew netherstocks, and mend them, and foot them, too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? (II, iv, 129-134).

I fail to find anything suggestive of the melancholy or pessimistic spirit in Hotspur; while Falstaff's very soul at times seems to come to the surface, constantly suggesting a melancholy as permeating as that of Hamlet's. Here, I think, is the secret of Falstaff's humor. The contrast in Hotspur is merely between his coarse expressions and his high aristocratic background. In other words, with Falstaff the conflict is internal; while with Hotspur it is external. This explains why Falstaff is just as humorous when he is alone on the stage as when he is with the Prince.

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[1]"The natural speech of a passionate man," John M. Murry, *Shakespeare*, 1936, p. 105.

A NEW *MERCHANT*

An announcement of unusual interest apprises us of a novel and important venture in the production of *The Merchant of Venice* in New York in the immediate future. The producer and leading actor, the interpreter of Shylock, is Mr. Llfred Gordon, an actor who has for several years scored great successes on the Continent and especially in Australia in his interpretation of many of the most important rôles in classical and in modern drama, including Hamlet, King Lear, and Francis Moor (in *The Robbers*). Such reviews of his work as we have seen are full of the highest praise of his interpretations, his elocution, and his art.

We are promised some novel features in the production, which is to open at the Barbizon on December 13th. The costuming will be modern, and the play will be interpreted as a plea against anti-semitism. Mr. Gordon is directing the play himself and is drilling a carefully selected cast. We hope that his enthusiasm will be well rewarded.

ANOTHER MEDIEVAL CONVENTION IN SHAKSPERE

By ERNEST H. COX

IN recent years scholarship has done much to project Shakspere against a background of medieval thought and convention. In 1916 Professor Frank A. Patterson pointed out the presence in Shakspere of several reflections of lyric forms of the Middle Ages.[1] Since his study there have been numerous other suggestions as to conventional medieval elements in Shakspere. In 1922 Professor W. W. Lawrence urged that, to a great degree, in literary criticism "the conventions of the Middle Ages may properly be applied to literature of the age of Elizabeth."[2] Last year another scholar called attention to the persistence in Elizabethan tragedy of the *contemptu mundi theme,* and he mentioned as an example the meditation of Hamlet over Yorick's skull.[3] In this particular Shaksperian passage we have not only a recurrence of a medieval theme, but also what should be of even greater interest to the student of Shakspere: the expression of that theme in a conventional medieval manner—a fact which appears to have escaped general observation.

One of the rhetorical frameworks to which the *contemptu mundi* theme clung most tenaciously is well known as the *ubi sunt* formula. This formula achieved tremendous popularity in the Middle Ages and appeared in various types of medieval literature. More than that, it persisted in Renaissance literature to such an extent and in such notable literary productions as to make it one of the significant contributions of medieval convention to Renaissance expression.

Among the three or four well-defined patterns of the *ubi sunt* formula there is one which inquires after the pleasures and possessions of those who have been long dead. Hawks and hounds, castles and towers, and the eating, drinking, and laughter of the hall are details which become highly conventionalized. The detail which is of present interest concerns merry-making in the great hall. "Where,"

asks the poet of the Old English *The Wanderer,* "has gone the banquet place? Where are the joys of the hall?"[4] A very similar question is asked by an anonymous poet of the thirteenth century. After he has inquired for those who have lived before him—those who led the hounds and bore the hawks, who possessed field and wood; the rich ladies who wore golden ornaments and had bright countenances—the poet asks,

> Were is þat lawing and þat song?[5]

In one of the versions of the *Debate of the Body and Soul,* the soul, after taunting the body for its loss of pride and of such possessions as rich clothes, proud palfreys, greyhounds, falcons, towers, and high halls, inquires,

> Where are þy glemen, þat shulde þe glewe
> Wiþ harpe and lute and tabourbete?
> þe piperes, þat þo bagges blewe . . .?[6]

In Skelton's elegy on Edward IV, the body of the King is made to lament the loss of its earthly possessions after this fashion:

> Where is now my conquest and victory?
> Where is my riches and royal aray?
> Wher be my coursers and my horses hye,
> Where is my myrth, my solas, and my play?
> As vanyte, to nought al is wandred away.[7]

With these several passages in mind, one almost feels that, when Hamlet meditates over one skull:

> Why may that not be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks?[8]

and more particularly when he addresses to Yorick's skull such queries as:

> Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen?[9]

he is falling into a manner of speech already familiar to the literature. Without insisting, however, upon the significance of what, after all, is possibly nothing more than an interesting similarity of situations and expressions, we come to a relationship for which a stronger claim can be made.

A second, and more frequently used, pattern of the *ubi sunt* formula is one in which the names of long-gone heroes are called in catalogue fashion. The origin of the convention is unknown, but an early illustration of it occurs in Boethius' *Consolation of Philosophy:*

> Where are now the bones of staunch Fabricius?
> Where is now Brutus, or stern Cato?[10]

A Latin hymn of the eleventh century begins,

> Where is Plato? Where is Porphyrius?
> Where is Tullius, or Virgil?

and stretches the list out to include such renowned ancients as Thales, Empedocles, Aristotle, Alexander, Hector, David, Solomon, Helen, and Paris.[11] The thirteenth-century "Cur Mundus Militat" of Jacopone da Todi inquires after Solomon, Samson, Absalom, Jonathan, Cæsar, Dives, Cicero, and Aristotle.[12] Such catalogues are numerous in the Middle Ages. That of Thomas de Hales includes Paris, Helen, Amadis, Tristram, Ysolt, Hector, and Cæsar.[13] In the fifteenth century, Jacob Ryman and John Lydgate have notable lists.[14] One of Lydgate's passages inquires after Cæsar, Lucan, Octavian, Cicero, Seneca, Cato, and Trajan.[15]

It may be observed, further, that the list of worthies was often used illustratively, without the interrogative form. There is an excellent instance of this in Barclay's adaptation of Brandt's *Ship of Fools:*

> Take thou example by Julius cesar
> That of the worlde durynge a whyle was sure
> And many kynges subduyd by myght of warre
> And of the Empyre had lordshyp charge cure
> But this his myght great space dyd not endure . . .

This example is followed by those of Darius, Xerxes, Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander, Croesus, and Cyrus; and there is presently a fully developed *ubi sunt* passage.[16] Such verses as employ the list without the question form state directly what the regular formula implies. There are numerous examples of this sort of literary convention, a notable one being in William Dunbar.[17]

In all these catalogues of names, whether in question form or not, two of the worthies whose names appear most frequently are Julius Cæsar and Alexander. They seem to

have been the most popular, also, as the *ubi sunt* convention moved on into the Renaissance. In an elegy by George Whetstone, we have the two, with Pompey added:

> What did become of Cæsar's clyming head,
> Of Pompey's rule, and Alexander's raigne?
> A light account, so soone as they were dead? . . .[18]

Another elegy, whose authorship is unknown, thus couples the two worthies in rhyme:

> Men speake of Hector, of Achilles stoute;
> Ofte have I heard of Alexanders name;
> Of Ajax, Pyrrhus, all the Gretian route;
> Of Scipio, Pompey, and of Cæsar's fame:
> Yet that this one is dead, it greeves me more,
> Then all the rest, whome I have nam'd before.[19]

Samuel Rowlands has an elaborate *ubi sunt* passage, in which he inquires after Methuselah and the patriarchs, Samson, Absalom, Hector, Hercules, Pompey, and Achilles. His concluding lines are:

> Wher marcheth Alexander with his drum,
> To Cæsar's sceptor who doth yeeld or bow;
> Where are those great and mighty conquering ones,
> Time, shew an ounce of all their bones.[20]

Christopher Lever, in an elegy on Queen Elizabeth, asks:

> Where is the honor of great Macedon,
> That measur'd his large empires with his sworde?
> Great Julius is with many Cæsars gone,
> Leaving no more of honor than the word;
> And but the pennes of schollars that record,
> Old Time would bring their honor to that shame,
> As Cæsar and the rest would have no name.
>
> Who is't that now to Cæsar bends the knee?
> Or frames the sweete of wordes to please his eare?
> Who is't that now regardeth his decree,
> Or his offended countenance doth feare?
> Cæsar in's grave, his honor is no where:
> If honour thus doe perish in the best,
> What may be then expected of the reste?[21]

Robert Southwell's use of the theme is somewhat similar:

> Though all the East did quake to hear
> Of Alexander's dreadful name,
> And all the West did likewise fear
> To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame,

Yet both by Death in dust now lie;
Who then can 'scape, but he must die?[22]

It is into the convention demonstrated by the foregoing passages that Hamlet falls when he reaches the climax of his grotesque logic:

> Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might not stop a beer-barrel?
>
> Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
> O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw![23]

MaryHardin-Baylor College
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[1]Frank A. Patterson, "Shakspere and the Medieval Lyric," *Shaksperian Studies* (N. Y.: Columbia University Press, 1916). pp. 431-452.

[2]W. W. Lawrence, "The Meaning of *All's Well that Ends Well*, *PMLA* XXXVII (1922), 440-441.

[3]Willard Farnham, *The Medieval Heritage of Elizabethan Tragedy* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1936), p. 40.

[4]Ll. 92-93.

[5]Carleton Brown, ed., *English Lyrics of the Thirteenth Century* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1932), p. 85.

[6]Hermann Varnhagen, ed., "Zu Mittelenglischen Gedichten," *Anglia,* II (1879), 229-230.

[7]Alexander Dyce, ed., *The Poetical Works of John Skelton* (London, 1843), 2 vols., I, 4.

[8]V, i, 106-109.

[9]V, i, 208-212.

[10]Book II, Metre 7, Ll. 15-18.

[11]Appendix to *The Parlement of the Thre Ages,* ed., Israel Gollancz, no pagination.

[12]F. A. March, ed., *Latin Hymns* (N. Y.: Harpers, 1891), p. 176.

[13]Carleton Brown, *op. cit.,* p. 70.

[14]For the Ryman verses, see J. Zupitza, ed., "Die Gedichte des Franziskaners Jakob Ryman," *Archiv,* LXXXIX (1892), 256. The formula is found in Lydgate's "As a Midsomer Rose." See H. N. McCracken, ed., *The Minor Poems of John Lydgate* (London: Early English Text Society, 1934), pp. 780-785.

[15]*The Fall of Princes,* Ll. 4495-4515.

[16]Sebastian Brandt, *The Ship of Fools* (trans. A. Barclay; Edinburgh: Paterson, 1874), I, 268-269.

[17]John Small, ed., *The Poems of William Dunbar* (Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1893), II, 74.

[18]T. Park, *Heliconia,* II, 12.

[19]"Verses upon the Report of the Death of the Right Honorable the Lord of Essex," *Ballads from Manuscripts* (ed. F. J. Furnivall), II, 227.

[20]Samuel Rowlands, "A Bloudy Battell betwixt Time and Death," *Works* (Hunterian Club), I, 25-26.

[21]"Queen Elizabeth's Teares," *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library,* III, 679-680.

[22]W. T. Turnbull, ed., *The Poetical Works of the Rev. Robert Southwell* (London: Smith, 1856), pp. 137-138.

[23]V, i, 231-239.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENTS

By S. A. T.

SELF-DECEPTION, HOAX OR FRAUD?

Picture Post, Hulton's National Weekly, an English publication, in its issue of April 26, 1941, carries an article by Howard Wadman which is of the greatest interest to all who love William Shakspere. The essay is entitled "Who wrote in the margin?" and is accompanied by several facsimiles and illustrations, one of which shows us Mr. Alan Keen, a London dealer in old books and manuscripts, "at Work on Perhaps the Most Interesting Literary Discovery of our Time." This picture shows Mr. Keen scrutinising a printed page of a 1550 edition of Edward Hall's *Union of the Noble Houses of Lancaster and York* through a reading glass. Just what Mr. Keen expects to find by looking at printed matter this way the writer of the essay does not tell us, but undoubtedly the picture is impressive—to one who is susceptible to this kind of humbug.

Mr. Wadman then tells the usual lurid tale (such as one J. P. Collier has made us familiar with) of a bookseller who receives a shipment of old books from the country in which there is one shabby volume which is carelessly laid aside as being of no interest but which subsequently turns out to be of inestimable value because it contains innumerable marginal notes in the handwriting of no less a person than—William Shakspere! Mr. Keen, we are told, put his "poor" copy of Hall "*on a shelf* for further attention"; three weeks later he went down "to the cellar" where, opening the book "at random" he found a manuscript note (in Gothic script) opposite an underlined passage in the history of Henry V which is "precisely the tag that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury" in his *Henry V* (I, ii, 38,—"In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant"). On further examination it proved that the volume contained 405 notes covering the reigns of Richard II, Henry IV and Henry V, and that "in the great majority of cases the points to which they refer have been embodied in the plays."

"The ink and calligraphy of the notes have been carefully tested by [unnamed!] experts, and forgery seems out of the question." As "positive evidence"—of what?—we are told that the book had belonged to Richard Newport, who was related by marriage to the Underhills, the leading family of Stratford, from whom Shakspere bought New Place. Shakspere *may* have been a visitor at the Underhills, he *may* have had access to their library, Newport's book *may* have been in the Underhill library (they *may* have had a library), and he *may* have read and underscored and annotated this book (visitors *may* do this), and so forth. Then the mighty magician converted Hall's prose into the world's most splendid poetry. Shakspere scholars, says Mr. Wadman "may now learn more about the poet's mind and method than has been learned in all the intervening years." And, believe it or not, this book is now insured for the paltry sum of £150,000! Mr. Wadman modestly suggests that "this national discovery, made at the very time of Dunkirk, brings us nearer to the heart of England."

Having examined these facsimiles, which are reproduced with unusual clarity for a magazine article, we wish to say:

1) the writings are good (skillful)

secretary script which, if genuine, might have been written at any time between *c* 1575 and 1625;

2) there is no apparent reason for suspecting the genuineness of the writings reproduced in the essay;

3) the writing bears not the remotest personal resemblance in the formation of the letters to the seven extant Shakspere signatures.

It may be noted in conclusion that Shakspere's source for the English historical plays mentioned above was Ralph Holinshed's *Chronicles,* not Hall's book. Every point made by Hall is made also by Holinshed. We hope, however, that this fact will not be thought to lend support to the claim made not long ago, on very similar grounds, by the Countess de Chambrun, that a certain Stratford dealer's copy of a Holinshed is verily Shakspere's annotated copy of one of his favorite source books.

SHAKSPERE'S RIMES

We have recently received a nicely printed, neatly bound and well-written dissertation entitled *The Use of Rhyme in Shakespeare's Plays* (New Haven, Yale University Press, pp. xii-168, $3.). The author is Dr. Frederic W. Ness, instructor of English at Yale. Dr. Ness has conducted his study of his subject in a scholarly manner and has reported his results in a readable though not exciting book. He has carefully and sensibly examined and criticised the conclusions and dicta of many of his predecessors. His own conclusions present nothing startling or of great importance. Shakspere, we gather, used rime and refrained from using rime as he pleased. Why he sometimes pleased to do so, especially in certain of his plays and at certain periods in his career is, we think, as much of a mystery now as before the publication of Dr. Ness's useful summary.

For an American university production this book has been exceptionally well proofread. The only misprint (?) we have to record is "Parrot" for "Parrott" on p. 162. There is one point, however, to which we seriously object: inconsistency in the capitalization of German substantives. Why, for example, do we have (on p. 161) "Vers" and "dramen," "Stichomythie" and "gleichklang," "Verwendung" and "reimes" and "blankverse" and "zeit," etc.

In one thing only has Dr. Ness's work disappointed us. He has failed to consult a number of important essays and books dealing with his subject which he might have read with profit to himself and to his readers. From among these we select for mention the following: R. Hillyer's *First Principles of Verse* (1938), L. M. Griffith's *Evenings with Sh* (1889), T. Swift's "On the rise and progress of rhyme" (in *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,* 1801), T. W. Herbert's "The grammar of rhyme" (in *Sewanee Review,* July, 1940), Batteux & Schlegel's *Einschränkung der schönen Künste* (Leipzig, 1770—contains a chapter on rime); Miss E. L. Antz's thesis on "Rhyme and the enjoyment of poetry" (Columbia University, 1926), R. Gottschall's *Poetik* (Breslau, 1893), R. G. Bindig's "Wesen und Wert des Reims" (*Die Literatur,* Oct., 1936), K. Weiss's "Reim und Refrain" (*Imago,* Dec., 1913), C. de Polier's essay on rime in *European Magazine* (Feb., 1786), H. Corson's *A Primer of English Verse* (1893), F. W. Felkin's *The Poet's Craft* (n.d.), J. L. Lowes' *Rhyme & Metre* (1919), J. A. Symonds's *Blank Verse* (1895), B. J. Pendlebury's discussion of "Rhyme in drama" in *Dryden's Heroic Plays* (1923), H. P. Biddle's "Analysis of rime" in *Prose*

Miscellany (1881), R. Alden's *Introduction to Poetry* (1909,—and the French books there referred to) and J. C. Andersen's *The Laws of Verse* 1928). A reference to Capell's idea that Shakspere abandoned rime because he found that, like doggerel, it caused actors difficulty in delivery, would have been of some interest; and so would mention of Mark Liddell's idea that unrimed verse gives "variety and fluency to English poetry."

But, for all this, Dr. Ness has provided Shakspere scholars with a useful book which they will find themselves consulting fairly often.

COMMUNICATION

Editor of the *Bulletin:*

In his anniversary lecture of 1916, the late Professor Kittredge remarked that "there neither is nor can be any exclusive or orthodox interpretation" of the characters in Shakspere. Holding, as I certainly do, to this belief, I am sorry to feel that Mr. Hannigan implies that I am dogmatic, putting an emphasis on a hypothetical "party line," refusing to leave any matter "to the readers to decide or not to decide, if the point interests them, as if they were audiences." I certainly did not "blow-torch as an untutored heretic" anyone who disagreed with me, and I was not aware of suggesting that my "conjecture" was "an inerrable finality." I hasten to assure Mr. Hannigan of my interest in his comments, and of my firm belief in his right to hold to his interpretation. He may even be Portially right!

But I believe that Shakspere and his audience felt an appropriateness in the epithet Daniel as applied to a "judge" because of their familiarity with the story of Susanna (which they may not have derived directly from the Apocrypha). The stories of Susanna and Shylock are obviously not parallel in every detail; but that, again, is beside the point. There is no question of the rôle of Susanna being transferred from Shylock to Antonio, for the groundlings are prepared at the end of Act III for Portia's aid to the merchant, and surely grasp the irony of Shylock's joy when she apparently gives him an advantage. This, of course, is one of the many details which we do not find in the Susanna story; we hear nothing of Daniel leading the elders on to think he will support them. Shylock does not "crash the gate" (any more than do the elders); he is the complainant—he has Antonio arrested (III, iii), and "the Duke shall grant me justice." What need of haling him to Court, or even inviting him? Is he not (so to speak) the host at the party? He does not, as do the elders, bear false witness against his intended victim; but, in both stories, the case seems to go against the one with whom the reader (or audience) sympathizes; and the dramatic reversal (due to Portia and Daniel) serves to underline a resemblance between two figures who at the moment are central.

I am glad to be called "a true Shakspirit" (though I have failed to shake Mr. Hannigan's spirit), and thank him for that word.

ROBERT WITHINGTON.

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